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THE NEW REPUBLIC

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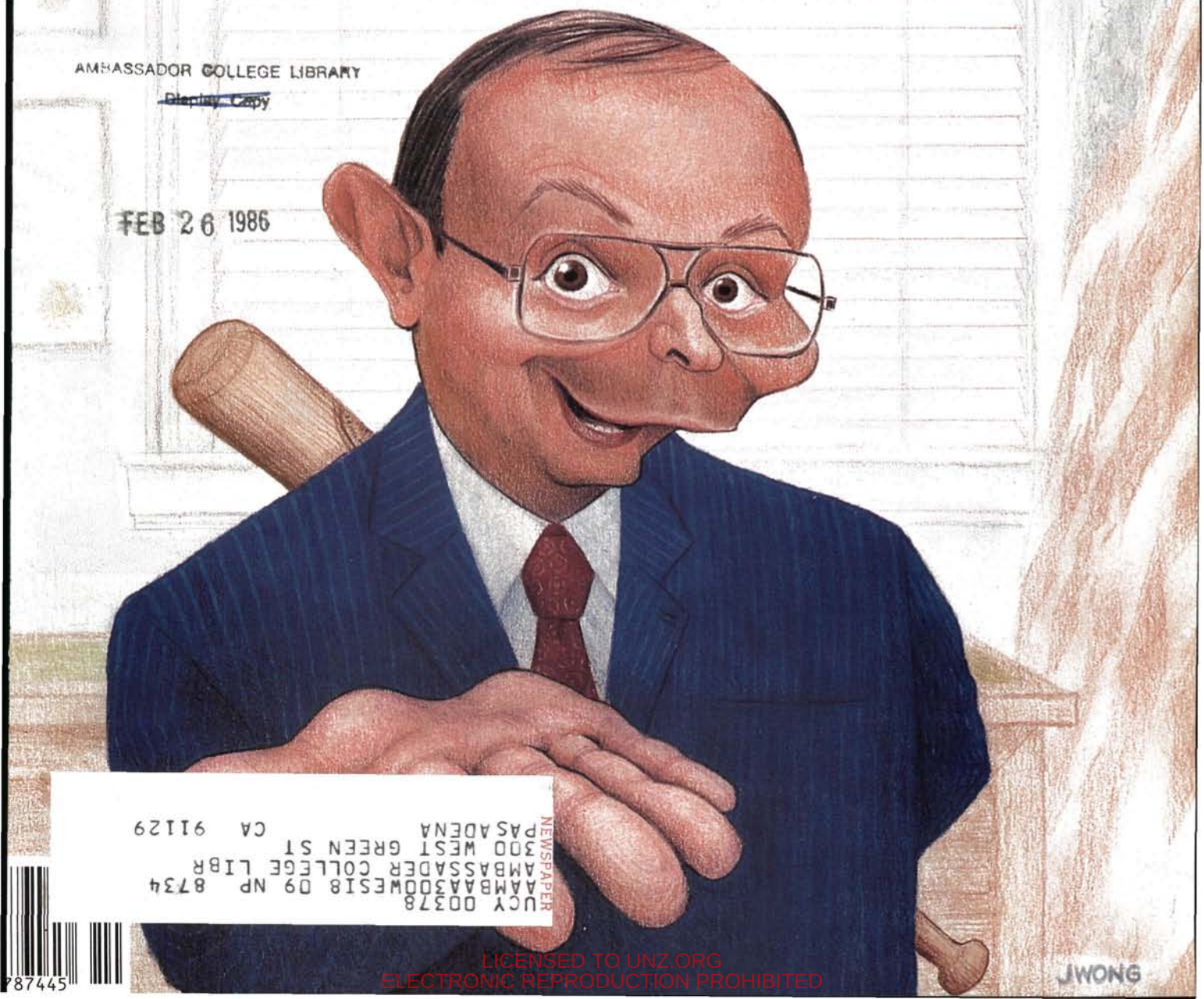

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NEWSPAPER

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CORRESPONDENCE

TRANSLATING KHLEBNIKOV

To the editors:
In Joseph Brodsky's review of *The King of Time: Selected Writings of the Russian Futurian* ("The Meaning of Meaning," January 20), he blends personal disdain for the poet Velimir Khlebnikov with misstatements about his translator, Paul Schmidt. Brodsky's view that Khlebnikov's work is mostly "utterly unpalatable and incomprehensible" reflects a long-standing attitude prevalent in official Soviet literary circles, but surprising in someone of his stature.

Brodsky finds "puzzling" Schmidt's cutting of Khlebnikov's "October on the Neva." A note on page 249 of the volume points out that the version is a corrected one published in 1980 by the Russian scholar Parnis. The new, shorter text supersedes prior publications.

Brodsky uses the prose poem "A Zoo" to back his charge that Schmidt tailors Khlebnikov's texts. Nearly half the review is given over to comparison of Schmidt's translation with Brodsky's own, the point being that Schmidt has omitted, transposed, and manufactured pieces of text. The exercise is pointless. "A Zoo" exists in three different variants. The variant used by Schmidt is the earliest and shortest; Brodsky used a later one. Both were published in 1940, in a major volume Brodsky should know, though the minor 1960 Khlebnikov edition he relied on in preparing his review contains only the later, longer version.

HENRYK BARAN
Slavic Department
State University of New York at Albany

Joseph Brodsky replies:
It is true that I find a great deal of Khlebnikov's writings unpalatable; it is false that this assessment is dictated by, or has resulted in, "disdain for the poet." Reading Khlebnikov is separating the wheat from the chaff; reading him in Mr. Schmidt's versions is winnowing Russian chaff from English chaff. Khlebnikov's 1960 *Selected*, which contains more than 200 poems (hardly "minor"), got him his present audience, for it is Khlebnikov at his most graspable. There is no guarantee that a more inclusive collection won't cost him some of his readers.

As to my own theory of why Mr. Schmidt chose the "earliest and the shortest" variant of "A Zoo": it was easier and, like Professor Baran, he could not tell a draft from a poem.

THE RATING GAME

To the editors:
In extolling "The McLaughlin Group" program, Jacob Weisberg wrote that "it recently surpassed 'Agronsky' in the ratings war" ("The Buckrakers," January 27). That is not true. "Agronsky & Company" has been the highest-rated Washington public affairs program since its beginning in 1969. It regularly draws about a 25 percent larger share of the audience available at 7 p.m. on Saturday than does the "McLaughlin" program at 7:30 p.m. on Saturday. That has been the case for about two years now and was the case again in the last rating book, November, in Nielsen.

JIM SNYDER
Vice president, News
Post-Newsweek Stations, Inc.
Washington, D.C.

Jacob Weisberg replies:
My story was based on the December Nielsen book, according to which "McLaughlin" had about a six percent higher rating than "Agronsky" on Saturday night.

PIPES ON COHEN, CONT'D.

To the editors:
In Stephen Cohen's petulant response to my review of his *Sovieticus* and *Rethinking the Soviet Experience* (Correspondence, February 3), he charges me with misstating the contents of his books and misrepresenting his opinions.

I am prepared to admit that my offhand remark that the books are "largely about U.S.-Soviet relations," correct as it is, was too laconic, and therefore, liable to be misunderstood. The ostensible subject matter of these books, especially *Rethinking*, is not about U.S.-Soviet relations, but this theme underpins them throughout.

Cohen's argument rests on the premise that the domestic as well as external

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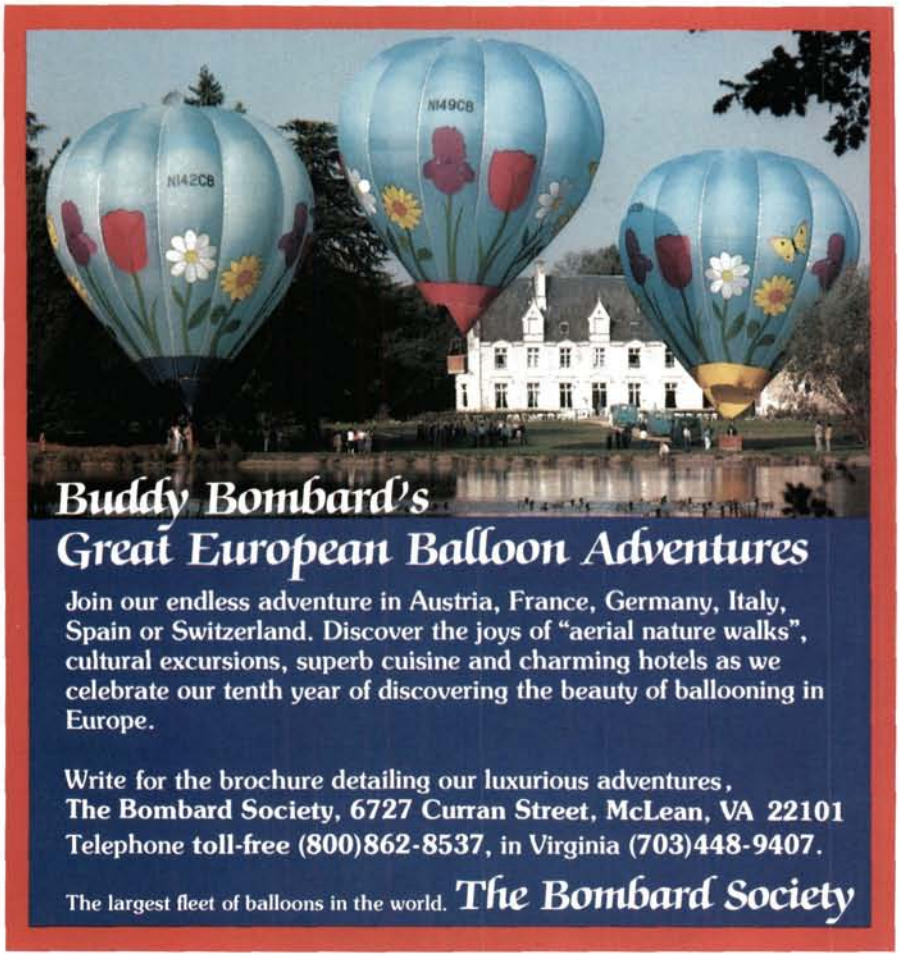
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TRB®

FROM WASHINGTON

LAWBREAKER'S FRIEND

If you didn't know what the product was for, you might have a hard time figuring it out from the ad. It's called "Whistler," and it's rated number one by "America's professional truckers . . . who count on their equipment for their livelihood." Its "performance . . . fits your driving needs," and it works "around curves, over hills and even from behind . . . while maintaining maximum sensitivity at all times." A male prophylactic? No, a radar detector—but the function of a radar detector is left obscure, except to note that it's "legal in 48 out of 50 states."

Radar detectors are a booming $200-million-a-year industry. The founder of Cincinnati Microwave, Inc., which marketed the first sophisticated model in 1978 and still controls a third of the market, is one of the 400 richest people in America, according to *Forbes*. All for a product to aid lawbreaking.

Oh, the manufacturers make some poker-faced arguments that this isn't what radar detectors are for. An ad for "Little Marvel" trades obscurity for disingenuousness. "With all the faulty police radar equipment around," it says, $175 for the Little Marvel is "a small price to pay for peace of mind on the road."

Three companies formed a trade association last year called "Radio Association Defending Airwave Rights" (RADAR). RADAR argues that possession of radar detectors is a "right guaranteed to . . . citizens under the Constitution," any infringement of which "should be viewed as a step toward Socialism."

RADAR notes that "any ban on radar detectors would be based upon a presumption that the citizenry might at some time use them to exceed the speed limit." Yes, that's true. But the head of RADAR told the *New York Times*, "We're not advocating speeding. We're advocating driver awareness." A defender of the industry explained to the *Times* that police cars tend to congregate on dangerous stretches of road, so radar detectors help alert people to places where they should drive more carefully. Four stars for that one.

More commonly, defenders argue that detectors are a legitimate protection against faulty police radar. Of course if owners of these contraptions aren't going over 55, they're the only ones on the highway who aren't. And studies show, naturally enough, that people who shell out hundreds of dollars for radar detectors tend to drive faster than people who don't. That's why, according to a business magazine, the industry isn't worried that proposals to raise the speed limit to 65 miles per hour on some highways will hurt sales.

And why shouldn't this lawbreaker's tool be illegal? An article in *Esquire* suggests that this would betray America's heritage as "a garden spot of individual rights." (*Esquire* publishes an "Ethics" column, but that notion appeared in a department called "Man at His Best.") RADAR argues that police searches for illegal radar detectors could lead to "gunpoint confrontations" and "serious injuries," noting hypocritically that as newer models get smaller and easier to hide, the intrusiveness of looking for them becomes greater.

The industry's favorite argument is that the Federal Communications Act makes radio broadcasting a federal matter in which states are forbidden to intervene. (Traffic control, meanwhile, is a state responsibility, in which the federal government shouldn't interfere. Check and mate.) Radar detector owners are just exercising their First Amendment right to listen to the radio. "Such rights are not shared in totalitarian countries," RADAR notes.

Radar detector enthusiasts don't bother to deny the obvious. *Car and Driver* magazine, the self-styled voice of highway freedom ("America is, and always has been, a land of free spirits and troublemakers; non-linear unstructured people who don't take kindly to red tape, patronizing clerks, nosy neighbors, or pushy cops"), says bluntly, in an article comparing different brands of detectors, that "the ideal efficiency-minus-penalty cruising speed is about 80 to 85 mph." *Car and Driver* sees radar detectors as a noble matter of "civil disobedience."

Well, there's a difference between cruising down the interstate at 85 mph in your $30,000 speedmobile and lying down in front of charging policemen to get the British out of India. For one thing, one cause is a bit weightier. For another, a key part of civil disobedience is accepting the punishment, not evading it. That—the suffering, and the acknowledgment that breaking the law is not a trivial matter—is what gives true civil disobedience its moral authority.

But the question of whether radar detectors should be illegal is complicated. Or, at least, it's tedious. Law isn't the only—or even the primary—sanction against antisocial behavior. What's disturbing about radar detectors is their creeping casual legitimation. It used to be that they were manufactured by obscure companies and sold through the mail by ads in car-cult magazines. Now they're made by Tandy Company (Radio Shack), among others, marketed by American Express, and advertised in mainstream publications like *Time* and *Newsweek*.

Spokesmen for both newsmagazines say they have no problem with the ads because the product is generally legal. This magazine runs cigarette ads on the same principle. But people have a right to smoke. They don't have the right to speed. The *only* function of radar detectors is to allow people to break the law with impunity.

It's true the speed limit is a law virtually no one obeys. And that kind of breakdown in the social consensus is one of democracy's little ways of suggesting that it may be time for the law to be changed. But this doesn't excuse the self-righteousness of people willing to invest hundreds of dollars to protect their lawbreaking habit, or the complacency of corporations that are profiting from their custom.

On the bright side, the past couple years have seen a huge rise in radar detector thefts. (A dim-witted police department in New Jersey offered tips to the local newspaper for preventing your radar detector from getting ripped off.) *Car and Driver* complains, "Crime is rampant in the streets." Its own editors have suffered the "loss of . . . expensive and essential equipment." Gosh. "Crime" is an awfully harsh word, boys. Just think of it as civil disobedience.

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THE NEW REPUBLIC
MARCH 10, 1986

THE SPLIT-LEVEL ECONOMY

You have to look back beyond the 1920s to the gilded age of the 1890s to find a period comparable to our own in terms of elite complacency in the face of startlingly uneven social and economic conditions. Overall, economic progress under Reagan has been so-so. Inflation is down, of course; real interest rates are down only slightly; unemployment is down, but remains far too high. Economic growth, as a whole, is no better than it was during the 1970s. Productivity growth, the portent of future economic competitiveness, remains mediocre. But none of these aggregate characterizations begins to convey the split-level character of the economy.

It is precisely the split-level economy that makes the situation of those nearer the bottom less visible than in a time of general decline. It's a splendid time to be a computer engineer, an arbitrageur, an entrepreneur, a boutique proprietor. It's not a bad time to be a real estate broker or a lawyer, a tenured professor on the lecture circuit, a public relations consultant, or a medical specialist—or a journalist. If you are over 40, and bought a home before the late 1970s, and are well along on your career path, or have moderately well-to-do parents without costly diseases, it is a pretty good time to be entering middle age. If you can afford to enjoy the new generation of in-town shopping emporiums, it is a terrific time to be a shopper. If you have the discretionary income to set up an IRA, it is even an O.K. time to be a taxpayer. Effective tax rates since 1981 for the $100,000-and-over class have dropped 15 to 20 percent.

Casual empiricism suggests that this bounty is not well diffused. There is not just the gross symbolism (and reality) of homeless people and Dickensian "shelters" a few blocks from glittering shopping bazaars. A single parent, a graduate of high school or even a non-elite university, a young family looking for an affordable home, anyone dependent on social programs, or a wage earner in the low end of the service economy, is not doing so well.

For a time, the economists assured us that these distressing impressions were not borne out by the statistics. There were special cases: farmers who had been subsidized for too long anyway; factory workers who had priced themselves out of the world economy; minorities who had to be weaned from the welfare culture. But overall, the economists said, income distribution has remained reassuringly constant.

Lately, however, several reputable studies have appeared that confirm the intuitive sense of widening inequality.

Earnings inequalities. For about four years, economists have debated whether growing apparent income inequalities really reflected a widening maldistribution in the structure of wages. Many economists have insisted that the real culprit was demographic and family changes (the baby boom, women entering the workplace), or the 1982-83 recession, rather than any underlying erosion in the share of jobs paying middle-class wages. But a new report (*The Great U-Turn*) for the Congressional Joint Economic Committee, produced by economists Bennett Harrison, Chris Tilley, and Barry Bluestone, relying on Census data, demonstrates persuasively that the distribution of wages and salaries began widening substantially in the late 1970s.

Harrison et al. found that wages and salaries became steadily more equal from 1964 until 1978. Since 1978 inequality has increased by over 20 percent. Even after correcting for the effect of the baby boom, for business cycles, for the value of the dollar, the "U-turn" in income distribution remained.

Generational inequalities. Frank Levy and Richard Michel of the Urban Institute have been assembling statistics contrasting the life chances of baby-boomers with the previous generation. Their latest findings, published in *The Economic Future of the Baby Boom*, confirm the casual impression of a generation with yuppie aspirations but empty pockets.

Levy and Michel found that a man passing from age 40 to age 50 between 1953 and 1963 increased his real earnings 36 percent; one who passed from 40 to 50 in the next decade increased his earnings 25 percent. But a 40-year-old in 1973 saw his real income drop 14 percent during the next decade. The same pattern held for 25-year-olds. And, astoundingly, a 30-year-old breadwinner could buy a median-priced home with 14 percent of his gross monthly pay in 1949. By 1984 median home ownership took 44 percent of the median paycheck.

Health inequalities. Widening income inequality and shrinking social programs are reflected in worsening child health. According to a study released in January by the Children's Defense Fund, *The Health of America's Children*,

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infant mortality increased by nine percent in 1983 and 1984, reversing a decades-long trend. The black-white infant mortality gap was the widest in 30 years. By 1983 black babies were twice as likely to die in infancy as white babies. Even among white families, the percentage of "low-birthweight" babies increased slightly. Medical and child nutrition programs are serving fewer mothers and their children. Between 1969 and 1985, the fraction of poor and near-poor families served by Medicaid dropped from 65 percent to 46 percent, and there are now some 20 million Americans with no health insurance coverage at all.

As the Children's Defense Fund report observes, the improvement in child health that apparently ceased in the early 1980s had two causes: advances in medical technology, and steadily improving public health, sanitation, and nutrition. The former continues; the latter has been reversed. As a result, some premature babies and infants with exotic maladies will be saved by astronomically expensive medical heroics, while millions of other children in poor families will lead stunted or abbreviated lives.

Financial and tax inequalities. At the other end of the income spectrum, the tax burden on wealthy individuals and corporations continues to decline, and the stock market boom has created immense windfall income for the 20 percent of Americans who own stocks. Ownership of financial wealth is far more highly concentrated than income. Indirectly, of course, rising stock values also help people enrolled in private pension funds. But an increasing fraction of these pension funds are "defined benefit" plans, which means that the beneficiaries don't get more out of these plans when their asset values rise; the corporations just get to put less in.

A study by Citizens for Tax Justice analyzed the effect of post-1981 tax incentives on 259 of the Fortune 300—all large, profitable corporations. Forty-four of these earned $53.6 billion in pre-tax profits, but paid not a dollar in taxes. In fact, they received $2.1 billion in tax rebates. What did they do with the money? They increased their dividend payouts by 22 percent, and their pay to chief executives by 54 percent. But their investment actually declined by four percent. CTJ's sample also included 43 "high tax" companies, which paid a total of $18.2 billion in taxes on profits of $49 billion, a stiff tax rate of 37.3 percent. These companies actually increased their capital investment by 21 percent. So much for the supply side.

Shut Up, Lee

The actual cost of restoring the Statue of Liberty is less than $30 million. As was pointed out in these pages more than two years ago ("Liberty Deflowered," TRB, December 19, 1983), Lee Iacocca's grandiose "private" fund-raising project for the statue actually will cost the taxpayers far more than if they paid the repair bill directly. That's because Iacocca bloated the budget to $265 million with plans to turn Ellis Island into a theme park, and because all the corporate contributions for this enterprise are tax-deductible. Indeed, the lost tax revenue merely from the money corporations are spending to brag about their contributions probably would be enough to pay for fixing the statue.

Of course the pretext on which Iacocca was fired as head of the official statue committee—that there is some sort of "conflict of interest" between that role and his role as head of the private fund-raising committee—is absurd. But this conflict-of-interest nonsense began when the private group's lawyer sent a telegram to two other members of both committees saying "the chairman requests" that they resign from one or the other. Iacocca started it.

Iacocca is talking through his hat when he accuses the Interior Department of wanting to commercialize the statue project. He's the one who's got Miss Liberty hawking deodorant. He's also the one with plans to reserve Liberty Island and the waters around it for corporate big shots during the July 4 reopening festivities (their reward for donating their stockholders' money). So he should stop trying to portray himself as a tribune of the people opposing the Reagan administration elitists. As for Iacocca's remarkable statement that to fire Lee Iacocca "borders on the un-American," well, we don't much cotton to that "*l'état c'est moi*" stuff in this country, boy.

Notebook

□ SOUND FAMILIAR? The largest foreign suppliers of a vital commodity, heavily consumed in America, met in February and agreed to binding production quotas for each supplier. By reducing competition and restricting the supply, they will be able to maintain a high price for their product. What? Has OPEC finally gotten its act together? Not at all. It's Japan's auto manufacturers who have decided to continue their "voluntary" quotas on exports to the U.S. for the sixth consecutive year. We originally forced these quotas on Japan, under threat of more severe trade barriers, and their continuation—though no longer under pressure—is generally perceived as some kind of favor to the U.S. But the analogy to OPEC is accurate. The Japanese have learned to love the quota system. And why not? It functions like a classic cartel, and the result is that each car sold in America—imported and domestic—costs at least $1,000 more than it otherwise would. Some favor.

□ BITTER PILL: It's tempting to feel sorry for Johnson & Johnson, whose fantastically successful Tylenol painkiller has had to be taken off the market twice now because some lunatic put cyanide in a few capsules. However, the company is not completely blameless. There is no medical reason why "Extra Strength Tylenol" needs to be marketed in the form of a capsule with loose powder inside. Tablets work just as well, are just as easy to swallow if they are coated, and are almost impossible to tamper with. The only advantage of capsules is marketing: they seem more like "serious medicine." There's probably more hokum in

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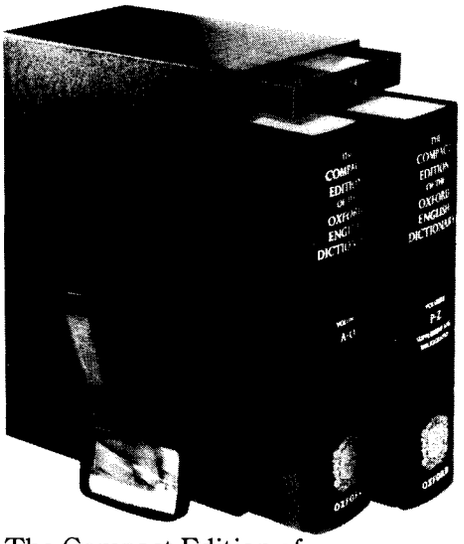

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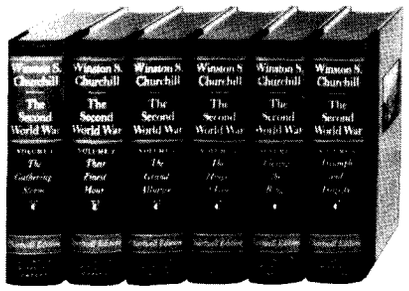

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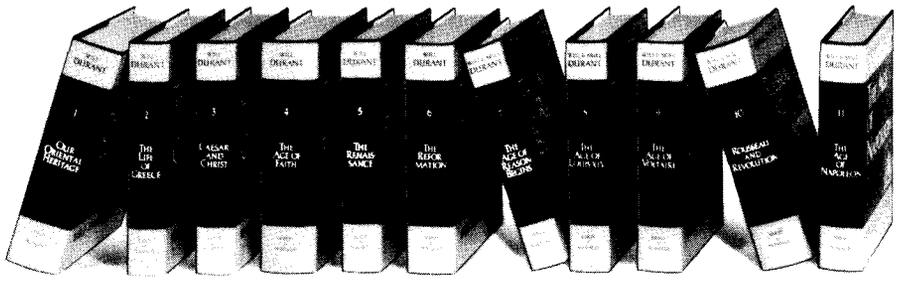

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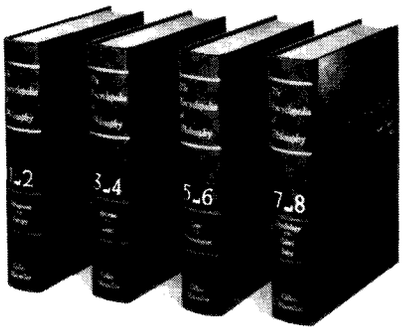

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the selling of painkillers than any other major product. Hundreds of millions of dollars are spent claiming that medically identical pills are superior to one another. Announcers prattle on about comparative "strength" when all this actually means is the size of the dose. Three Brand-X aspirins are as "strong" as any two high-priced "extra strength" tablets, and apparently may be safer as well.

□ CORRECTION: Due to a mental error, the final paragraph of TRB's column last week ("Democrats and Deficits") bizarrely referred to "inflation" as "a $150-billion-a-year spending program . . . which benefits affluent owners of capital. . . ." Make that "interest"—meaning, in context, interest on the national debt.

□ SCOOPS:

■ ***Moscow is said to be motivated by self-interest.*** ***Page A26***

—*Washington Post*, February 12

Vote Seen Hurting Marcos' Credibility

—ditto ("news analysis"), February 13

WHITE HOUSE WATCH

CIVIL WAR

THE WEEKEND after the February 7 presidential election in the Philippines, President Reagan watched TV news accounts of the slow vote count and noisy charges of fraud. Though virtually all the evidence of vote-stealing pointed to President Marcos and his allies, Reagan was struck by a solitary bit of contrary evidence. On one news show he saw a brief shot of ballots marked for Marcos that had been thrown in a ditch. Reagan mentioned this to aides, and he kept talking about it right up to his televised press conference on February 11. "Nobody turned him off on it," said a senior White House official, "until after the press conference."

That was too late. The first question at the press conference was about vote fraud. Reagan played down the possibility of massive vote theft, saying that American observers told him "there was the appearance of fraud and yet, at the same time, said that they didn't have any hard evidence beyond that general appearance." This didn't jibe with the view of the State Department, which thought the evidence was fairly hard. Still, Reagan didn't get in trouble until the next question. Doesn't the credibility of the election result cause concern about American interests in the Philippines? "Well," he said, "I think that we're concerned about the violence that was evident there and the possibility of fraud, although it could have been that all of that was occurring on both sides."

That unsupported remark undermined the best-laid plans of the Reagan administration. In the days after the election, Reagan and his aides were determined not to take sides between Marcos and Corazon Aquino. They wanted to be a calming influence. The fear at the White House was that a civil war might break out, jeopardizing the two American military installations, Subic Bay Naval Base and Clark Air Base. Reagan's comment caused a furor in Manila, delighting Marcos and angering Aquino, and prompted widespread charges that the administration was tilting toward Marcos. In response, the White House took an unusual step. "By Wednesday morning [February 12], we shut down talking about the Philippines," said Larry Speakes, Reagan's press secretary. "Whatever we said was going to be misinterpreted. . . . Reporters were determined to write that we're for Marcos."

AS IT turned out, a civil war did break out, not in the Philippines, or between the White House and the press, but inside the administration. There were three sides—the White House, the State Department, and the Pentagon. The White House position was that Marcos was going to emerge the winner; that protests and violence, however justified, would only make things worse in the Philippines; and that the positive aspects of the election should be stressed.

The State Department was less indulgent of Marcos. Officials there were determined to condemn the vote fraud. They yearned for some way to force Marcos out of office quickly and bring Aquino in. At the Defense Department, meanwhile, there was subdued rooting for Marcos to survive the postelection crisis, consolidate his power, split the opposition, and keep the U.S. bases secure. Marcos has pledged to keep the bases; Aquino isn't so sure.

The goal of the White House was defensive. "If we played [the fraud] up, that would alienate [Marcos] and drive [Aquino] into the streets," said a senior Reagan aide. "We were afraid of civil war, period." Thus Reagan's first public comments on February 10 were upbeat. Despite the charges of fraud, "there is at the same time the evidence of a strong two-party system now in the islands," he told a group of regional editors at the White House. "Once the election is over, the two parties can come together to make sure the government works." In an interview the same day with the *Washington Post*, Reagan noted that "even in elections in our own country, there are some evidences of fraud in places and areas."

Speakes had his own statement. Both candidates had impressive support, he said, and "the basis exists for a strong two-party system. When the results are complete, both parties should work to form a viable government without violence and work to implement reforms in political, economic and military areas." On a not-for-attribution basis, Speakes added a remark often cited by those who claimed that Reagan supported Marcos: "The main thrust of our statement is not to have violence, not to have demonstrations in the streets just because you did not like the election. Get on the team and work with the government to form a government, whether it is Aquino or Marcos."

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The White House tactic failed miserably. Instead of skirting trouble, Reagan and Speakes caused it, and not only in the Philippines. The White House was wide open to charges that it was coddling Marcos by minimizing the importance of vote fraud. "What do we say?" one official retorted to Lou Cannon of the *Washington Post*. "If we say that it's been a very fraudulent election and should be thrown out, we have people in the streets tomorrow with riots and the like and burnings. . . . The next thing you know you have civil disorder. If we say it's not a fraudulent election, we'll have the same thing because indeed it is a fraudulent election." Who was this official? There was a telling phrase in the quote—"and the like." That is a favorite phrase of Donald Regan, the White House chief of staff.

At the State Department, meanwhile, from the start of the vote count, "unnamed officials" expressed disgust at Marcos's tactics. Some complained that the White House was not pursuing administration policy. ("Supposedly we set the policy," a White House official huffed in response.) Secretary of State George Shultz, alarmed at the White House attitude on fraud, summoned Senator Richard Lugar to inform Reagan about Marcos's vote-tampering. Lugar, head of the official U.S. observer delegation, was returning from Manila to Indiana when he got Shultz's message on February 10. He was diverted to Washington and met with Reagan the next day. The result was a fresh statement from the White House that was far tougher on fraud. And the White House also announced that veteran envoy Philip Habib was being dispatched to Manila.

THOUGH RELEASED under Reagan's name, the written statement reflected State's anti-Marcos position. Good news about the "vigor" of democracy in the Philippines was secondary; the fraud was primary. "It is a disturbing fact that the election has been flawed by reports of fraud, which we take seriously, and by violence," the statement said. "This concerns us because we cherish commitment to free and fair elections and because we believe the Government of the Philippines needs an authentic popular mandate in order effectively to counter a growing Communist insurgency and restore health to its troubled economy." But election fraud by Marcos didn't last long as the administration's chief concern. Just a few hours after the statement was released, Reagan held his press conference and suggested that Aquino might be guilty of vote-stealing.

The next step was the State Department's. It leaked a story to the *New York Times* to the effect that State was repairing the damage done by Reagan and the White House. State Department officials noted that there was no evidence of fraud by the Aquino camp. Moreover, Ambassador Stephen Bosworth was sent to tell Aquino that the administration was not reconciled to a Marcos victory and that the written statement, not Reagan's offhand comment, expressed the policy of the administration. "That story was a real shot at us," said a White House official. "I just don't understand how that policy [of emphasizing fraud by Marcos] plays out if they follow that line. It inflames the situation. I don't know why they're not a little more forward-looking. We're worried about six months down the road. Our whole policy is for a stable transition and to let Marcos know he's going to have to turn power over."

When? That hasn't been decided. Habib is only empowered to give a sympathetic ear to Aquino and her supporters. But he's not to tell Marcos to prepare to abdicate. "It's just too early for that," the official says.

The Pentagon wasn't deeply involved in the policy fight, but then it doesn't rate democracy or the lack of it as a top priority. "We're impressed with Marcos's grit," said a Defense Department official. "All that stuff about dialysis and how he's on his last legs just hasn't been the case. In Iran they say the shah had a failure of nerve. He lost his cool, his capacity to take decisive action. Marcos has been under pressure for months, a life-threatening situation. He's taken it all. He's cool, he's making balanced judgments. He's ad-hoc-ing the whole thing, but he knows what he's doing. Back here, it's been foreign policy by amateurs."

FRED BARNES

WASHINGTON SCENE

CHAUFFEUR'S REVENGE

THE MAN on the phone, a certain Mr. K—, said he got my name from Suzanne, a friend of mine who had done temp work for him and who had told him I was all right people. Mr. K— said he represented certain South Korean "business interests." Two important officials were in town for a slate of lobbying appointments on the Hill the next day.

"Right," I said, "and *you* need a wheel jockey." Wow, I thought, Tongsun Park-style South Korean lobbyists. I began to compose a list of demands: I get 1 G cash, up front. No doing "H," and no free-basing while we gas up. I don't go near the bus depot, and if we pick up hookers, I can play the radio as loud as I want, any station. When I spot friends on the street, I get to honk and wave. And I do *not* discuss the striking symbolism of a 28-year-old U.S. college graduate chauffeuring Korean Babbitts vis-à-vis America's decline into a worldwide service-economy role.

"A driver, yes," Mr. K— was saying. "The wage is seven dollars per hour. Look, I don't know you, so I have to ask . . . questions." "Check." "Do you have a D.C. driver's license?" "Affirmative." "Can you drive a large car?" "To hell and back, my man, on two wheels if necessary." He paused; I was impressing him. "O-*kay*. I think we can do business. Ah, I hope you're not offended, but some of Suzanne's friends are a little . . . 'punk.' What do you *look* like?"

"Well, I'm rail thin but wiry tough, with a flinty, burnished countenance borne of—"

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"I mean, do you have a suit? Yes? Good. Be at my house by 8:30."

Given my expectations, I naturally was disappointed when I learned that Mr. K— only represented the Korea Deep Sea Fisheries Association. My passengers, a government fisheries bureaucrat, an ex-KDSFA president and admiral, a Korean-American go-between, and Mr. K—, didn't sound like the kind of hard-partying, influence-purchasing dudes I'd anticipated. Put in an occidental perspective, it was something like driving for, let's say, a north Mississippi catfish farmer and his buddy, L.C.Q. Ledbetter, a retired National Guard colonel and president of the Mississippi State Bulldogs-in-Business Club.

Based on what little I knew of international fishery issues, I tried to invest the situation with a major sleaze factor. "Let me remind you of one chilling fact," I said to my girlfriend as she tried, with cereal-box corners, to convert my pants to jodhpurs. "Many Japanese diners carve and consume fishes while they are still living. That's their business, except that they could be doing it to American fish—our boys. True, Korea is not Japan, but geographically it's near it. The facts are there. Add them up. Me, I just want it stopped."

I was fooling myself. As I suspected—and later learned by calling a very nice young man on the House Merchant Marine and Fisheries Committee—the Koreans are "good fishery partners." Basically, that means they don't use gill nets, depth charges, or ray guns on our Alaskan salmon. For FY 1986, all they asked in return was permission to catch a few hundred thousand metric tons of pollack, cod, yellowfin sole, turbot, Atka mackerel, sebastolobus, squid, and "miscellaneous bottomfish"—brands of fish I don't even like. The Koreans also objected to congressional proposals, since sidetracked, to raise foreign fishing fees 60 to 80 percent.

Sure, these and other points simply could have been written down and mailed to the appropriate representative, thus sparing everyone an expensive cross-continental Seattle-to-Washington-to-Anchorage lobbying ritual—complete with my service in a $28,000 cobalt blue Lincoln Depreciable—but I'm not here to question the hows and whats of a major Washington industry. The only thing that bothered me was the big payoff Mr. K— no doubt raked in for orchestrating the whole phony maneuver. He got on my bad side when he asked me where I grew up. "Kansas, a town called—" "Don't say another word!" he interrupted. "Good Lord, I know exactly! I was *marooned* in Iowa for several years."

I hate East Coast guys who apologize for being from the Midwest. I vowed revenge.

FROM THE START, Mr. K— and I did not hit it off. At 8:15 I beat on his door until he emerged from the shower, dripping and yelling, "All right! All *right!*" As his still-wet hair solidified in the frigid morning air, we walked to a nearby garage that housed the glowering blue monster. "Take her to the Connecticut Avenue Car Wash and be back by 9:15. And do something about those pants. They're jutting out at the thighs."

It occurred to me that we should warm "her" up, but I had my mind adjusted to service employee, so I said nothing. Two blocks up rush-hour Connecticut Avenue, the car began to lurch and die every time I slowed to under 15 mph. In 30 blocks I narrowly avoided some 75 rear-end collisions. I made it *to* the car wash, but despite encouraging words from the happy, laughing, chamois-waving men inside, Depreciable was unable to wheeze up the inclined driveway into the washer works, so I gave up.

BY THE TIME I limped back to Mr. K—'s place, the seizures ended. As he listened skeptically to my story about why the car was still dirty, he stared at my mouth, looking, I'm sure, for traces of powdered-doughnut dust. The critical gaze eventually took in my whole body, and the final opinion couldn't have been any clearer if he had yelled it: Stupid!

On the way to the Arlington hotel where the Koreans waited, Mr. K— smirked condescendingly when I mentioned doing some power-cramming the night before with a *Diplomat's "Insty" Korean Phrase Book*. Then came the Midwest crack. We were at war. I decided to build on his fears of my lowbrowness. "When we get there, was you wantin' me to get out of the car and open doors for these guys and stuff?" "Well, you might at least make an effort."

"Might." Oops, bad choice of words. When he returned with the Koreans, I was finger-drumming the steering wheel in time with the rock 'n' roll blasting out of the car radio. The passengers looked upset; Mr. K— tried to explain in Korean. Judging by their reaction (guttural laughs), I think he said, "Dumb. Thought he would amuse. Can drive effectively though."

As I cranked the car, he challenged me. "What did I just say, according to *'Insty'*?"

Flip, flip. "Uh, was it, 'We are off to the apothecary shop; I am in need of a head poultice'?"

Everybody liked that one. The Koreans, I think, relaxed and looked on me as a source of harmless amusement. The rest of the day was a smooth cross-cultural trade-off—the Koreans mocking and taking delight in a personification of America's soft underbelly, I taking every opportunity to inconvenience them and laugh at their eyeglasses and suits.

Our differences aside, Mr. K— did know how to put on a good lobbying show, right down to the hush-toned "access" dialogue taken directly from the pages of a bad Washington novel. At one point I actually heard him say, "You'll be interested to know, gentlemen, that, ah, I recently gave a sizable contribution to the senator's campaign *war chest*, and I expect that he shall be much friendlier from now on."

Ultimately, though, my side lost. For lunch I drove them, without Mr. K—, to a Korean restaurant in Arlington. When I prepared to wait in the car, they made it clear that I was to come inside and eat too. Now that really got to me. Much like Sally Field at last year's Academy Awards, I thought, "These guys want me to eat with them. They *like*

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me. They really like me." Minutes later, though, they deposited me near the kitchen at what seemed to be a card table. One of the Korean bureaucrats emphatically tapped the $3.95 page of the menu and then he walked off to eat in the other room. I knew I'd been bested.

ALEX HEARD

Alex Heard's last piece for TNR was "Runaway Hatholamus" (February 3).

Old lawsuits never die.

ENDURING INSULTS

OLD LAWSUITS NEVER DIE—nor do they fade away. An old soldier named Anthony Herbert has taught CBS that lesson. Herbert's legal battle against "60 Minutes" has already dragged on for 13 years, and though the case has not even gone to trial, it now appears to be headed toward the Supreme Court for a second time. The tangled alliances, peculiar ironies, and epic length of the case have already guaranteed Herbert a place in legal folklore. But at a deeper level it has come to symbolize how the libel system has become a disaster for all concerned—an expensive and intrusive burden on the press and a maddening labyrinth for plaintiffs who seek to clear their names.

On February 4, 1973, Colonel Herbert got the Mike Wallace treatment. Herbert had first gained public notice as a minor hero of the anti-Vietnam War movement. In his book *Soldier*—published by, of all things, a CBS subsidiary—Herbert claimed that the Army had relieved him of his command because he had courageously reported American war crimes and atrocities to his superiors. Barry Lando, a producer at CBS, decided to look into the story. The result of his investigations was a "60 Minutes" show charging that Herbert had lied about his whistle-blowing and virtually everything else. Herbert emerged from the broadcast as a gutless weasel who had curried favor with the media in order to cover up a perfectly ordinary dismissal. As Lando put it in a follow-up article in the *Atlantic*, we Americans "bought ourselves a martyr with feet of clay."

So Herbert charged libel, and enlisted the aid of Jonathan Lubell, a New York lawyer known for taking on left-wing causes. Lubell's first move in the case, however, sent civil libertarians through the roof. He demanded to see all of Lando's and Wallace's notes and unbroadcast videotapes. The trial judge, Charles S. Haight Jr., ordered the journalists to turn over the material, and CBS appealed.

The dispute focused attention on a nettlesome implication of the press's supposed great victory in the 1964 case of *New York Times v. Sullivan*. In that case Justice William Brennan laid down the rule that public officials could not recover damages for libel unless they proved that the report had been published "with knowledge that it was false or with reckless disregard of whether it was false or not." On the surface, *Sullivan* was a coup for reporters—a significant roadblock to libel suits by public officials. But Brennan's standard was subjective, entirely dependent on whether the reporter himself had doubts about the story when he ran it. Under such a standard, a plaintiff had to be allowed to learn what a reporter *knew* in order to uncover whether the reporter had "knowledge of falsity."

Such, in any event, was Judge Haight's reasoning. CBS managed to convince a federal appeals court—in an opinion by Judge Irving R. Kaufman—to reverse Haight and hold that reporters had a First Amendment right to withhold their notebooks from a libel plaintiff. But Haight's view was vindicated by the Supreme Court in the 1979 case known as *Herbert v. Lando*. The six-to-three decision, written by Justice Byron White, stated unequivocally that because Lando's state of mind was critical to the resolution of the case, Herbert's lawyer was free to examine all of the "60 Minutes" "editorial processes." In other words, open season on reporters' notebooks.

And open season it was. As a result of the Supreme Court's decision, Lando spent the better part of a year giving depositions—28 sessions producing almost 3,000 pages of transcript and 240 exhibits, including notes of interviews conducted with about 130 people. The broader implications of *Herbert v. Lando* were even more chilling. Libel plaintiffs now could engage in lengthy and monumentally expensive fishing expeditions to discover a journalist's state of mind when treating a controversial subject. "The effect of *Herbert*," says Floyd Abrams, the First Amendment specialist who argued the case for CBS, "has been to lead to more discovery, more expensive discovery, and greater use of libel litigation as a threat to the press regardless of the merits of the case." The legal fees of defending against these requests became in effect a fine that aggrieved subjects could impose virtually at will on newspapers and broadcasters—simply by filing a case.

BUT DISCOVERY in *Herbert v. Lando* did finally come to an end in 1982, and the case lumbered toward its next landmark: CBS's motion to dismiss because, it said, all that discovery had produced was insufficient evidence to produce a verdict for Herbert. Judge Haight, a former admiralty lawyer with a reputation for moving cases at the stately pace of a Chinese junk, sat on the motion for about two years before deciding for CBS—sort of. Haight dismissed Herbert's claims for nine of the 11 allegedly libelous statements, but he ordered the case to trial even though the two remaining statements were relatively tangential: one involved the purported biases of one of Lando's sources and another related to when Herbert made certain statements. Both sides then appealed—Herbert to contest the dismissal of the nine counts, CBS to argue that a full-blown trial over two minor points would be a waste of everyone's time and their money.

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So the case then went back to the federal appeals court in New York and, by coincidence, again came before Judge Kaufman. In a decision handed down in January this year, Kaufman held for CBS again and ordered the case dismissed, deploying a novel legal theory invented for purposes of this case. Kaufman said that because the two contested statements were "subsidiary" to the larger (and proven) conclusion of the piece, they could not be the basis for a libel suit. So even if Lando knew the "subsidiary" statements were false when he made them, Herbert was still barred from receiving any damages.

The decision not only may violate precedent (several of Kaufman's pro-press First Amendment rulings have been reversed by Warren Burger's Supreme Court); it also demonstrates the chaotic state of libel law today. Kaufman's rule seems at first blush to be a victory for the press—a kind of anti-nit-picking safeguard—but it turns judges and juries into editors rather than finders of fact. At the very least, they will have to decide what a reporter's "larger views" were, whether those views were supported, which facts related directly to the larger views and which were "subsidiary." Pity the journalist who tries to use this decision as a guide to responsible reporting.

But pity Colonel Herbert as well. There has been no shortage of journalistic handwringing about the dangers to the press of libel verdicts, and many of the warnings are justified. But reporters do publish untruths, sometimes deliberately, and the victims of these inaccuracies have very few places to turn. Corrections and apologies come grudgingly, if at all. In most cases media victims must pay their legal fees themselves or find a lawyer willing to work for a contingency fee. (Herbert has paid "some" of Lubell's one-million-dollar-plus fee, but the lawyer says "it's turned into a contingency fee case simply by how long it's taken.") Though the evidence does seem to indicate that CBS treated Herbert fairly, any case that has dragged on for this long can't begin to offer compensation for a damaged reputation.

IN MANY WAYS the growth in libel suits merely reflects the larger tort explosion in the country. Angry Americans sue—whether they are cigarette smokers with cancer or a governor unhappy with a newspaper's editorial cartoons—and lawyers have effectively blocked most nonlitigation alternatives to settling disputes. For example, a system where public figures like Herbert could sue for retractions but not money damages would certainly save time and avoid endless inquiries into a reporter's state of mind. But the legal system doesn't even have the right machinery, much less the will, to implement such a fundamental change.

So Herbert, Lando, and their heirs will continue to wrangle in court. Lubell says he hasn't officially decided whether to appeal Kaufman's latest ruling to the Supreme Court, but he seems likely to do so, given Kaufman's track record with the conservative court and Herbert's obvious determination to follow this battle through to the end. A Herbert victory in the highest court would probably come in 1987, meaning a trial could start sometime in 1988. Appeals of a trial verdict could stretch well into the 1990s. "Twenty years for one lawsuit," muses David Boies, the lawyer now handling the case for CBS. "Obviously, it means there's something wrong with the way we administer these cases." He adds, "I suppose it also means it puts my kids through college." Alexander Boies is one year old.

JEFFREY TOOBIN

Jeffrey Toobin is an editor of the *Harvard Law Review*.

POSTCARD NEW YORK

KOCH AND THE BOSSES

THE ALL BUT OFFICIAL emblem of New York City—Mayor Edward I. Koch's round head—was in some dispute last week. A huge *Daily News* photo showed it slumped almost horizontally on the mayor's hand, frizzy and beleaguered. The *Village Voice* pictured it as a parking meter with the message "Time Expired" to illustrate the paper's claim that the scandals spilling from the Parking Violations Bureau mean no fourth term for Koch. But when Koch showed up in City Hall between book-tour visits to Boston and Chicago, the great head was pink, unmussed. He kept puffing out his cheeks, rolling his tongue, peering serenely out the window at the snow while a panel dryly discussed the water supply. Then a reporter asked what the "high water skimming" plan was and the head bobbed up like a balloon. "A non-corrupt project," Koch shouted, his eyes drizzling with pleasure and bright knobs of color appearing on each cheek. Not everything was glum in City Hall. The mayor had just made a corruption joke.

After weeks of anger and even depression, Koch's good cheer was understandable. The scandals that began with the attempted suicide of his former friend Donald Manes, the Queens borough president, and had spread to several city agencies, were not going to touch him directly. In fact, the scandals have given Koch back something of his old panache, as the reformer, the outsider. He was coming out in favor of curbs on big campaign spenders and even on the party bosses, after having opposed such restrictions earlier. A frequent line from the mayor's office was that he knew only as much about the scandals as he had read in the papers.

Even so, Koch's relationships with the city's Democratic bosses who have been implicated in the scandals are sure to be an issue in the months ahead. From at least 1977 when Koch sought the backing of Meade Esposito, then the party leader of Brooklyn, for his first mayoral campaign while insisting that Esposito keep it quiet (that's from *Politics*, the mayor's new book), Koch has had old-fashioned political needs that did not always square with his new politics

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...great revolutions..." *"We know lots of revolutions, great revolutions, and magnificent people, who after taking over power, produced systems that were much worse than the ones they destroyed. We don't want to make this mistake. We will not."*

--Polish Solidarity leader Lech Walesa in a "Morning Edition" interview in Gdansk, Poland, with National Public Radio's European correspondent Neal Conan.

"I never share blame, I never share credit, and I never share desserts. It's just not my style."

--Beverly Sills, New York City Opera general director, in an interview on National Public Radio's "Morning Edition."

"Drunk they (the Russians) defeated Napoleon. Drunk they beat Hitler. Drunk they could win against NATO."

--Edward Luttwak, defense analyst and author of "The Pentagon and the Art of War," talking with National Public Radio's "Morning Edition" host Bob Edwards about Soviet military strength.

"We are so different, and yet, we are all one." *"I've never seen so many women, of so many different ages, colors, sizes and shapes, and I think it's amazing. We are so different, and yet, we are all one.*

--A delegate to the United Nations' World Conference on Women, talking with National Public Radio's "All Things Considered" co-host Susan Stamberg in Nairobi, Kenya.

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image. The current scandals have tended to underline Koch's Tammany side.

UNTIL January 9, New York's biggest boss was Donald Manes. Then the Queens Democratic leader went into a suicidal depression and slashed his wrists and ankles with a knife. Manes went into the hospital and initially lied about how he had been wounded. After ten days of speculation Mayor Koch showed up at Manes's hospital room to kiss the boss's forehead. That same day *New York Daily News* columnist Jimmy Breslin filed a story reporting a lawyer's allegations that Manes had directed him to pay bribes in order for his company to keep its contract with the PVB to collect overdue parking fees.

Koch responded to the Breslin story by calling Manes a "crook" (as well as a "close friend—in the abstract"). A half-dozen investigations got under way, including one Koch ordered. The cliché departments at the city dailies coughed, then roared into action. The scandal centered on the private companies that contract with eight city agencies to collect or not collect—depending apparently on which policy was more fun—fees that were owed the city. The sums were staggering. In the past two years, ten collection agencies received $31 million in commissions from the city to collect just $85 million in overdue parking fines. Last year, the *New York Times* reported, the city's environmental control board failed to collect $412 million in fines against polluters, health code violators, and other scofflaws. Only a CPA could figure out about half of what was going on. The big question for the rest of us was when Breslin would stop puffing in his column about how he'd single-handedly untied democracy from the railroad tracks.

Then the other big shoe dropped. If Manes is the second most powerful man in the city, then Stanley M. Friedman, the head of the Bronx Democratic Committee, is not far behind him. A partner of Roy Cohn, Friedman is dapper, smokes long cigars, and always wears three or four hats, including part ownership in a company the city was paying $22 million to supply hand-held computers for writing traffic tickets. The municipal wet dream is that New York cops will one day be able to punch the 45,000 parking tickets they write every day straight into a central memory bank. But in the midst of the Manes flap, it was revealed that although Friedman's company claimed to have 30 employees, it actually had only one. And while the company said it had a prototype computer, it actually had nothing. Koch canceled the contract. Friedman went to City Hall and protested with amazing sangfroid. "We are virtually on target with a fine product," he explained.

Though he holds no public office, Friedman obviously feels comfortable in Koch's City Hall. He's said to control a bloc on the City Council. By many accounts he tells the Bronx borough president, whom he helped to get elected, how to vote on the Board of Estimate. This body, made up of the mayor, the borough presidents, the City Council president, and the city comptroller, is considered more important to making the city go than the City Council. Friedman had lobbied the Board of Estimate on behalf of the company when the contract was awarded in August 1984—but neglected to mention that he was its largest stockholder. Two criminal investigations are now focusing on the company. Friedman, for his part, has denied that he did anything wrong.

Koch and Friedman have not always been antagonists. "I like regulars as human beings better than I do reformers," Koch says in *Politics*. Reformers are shrill and inflexible, according to Koch; regulars are loyal even if you abandon them now and then. Friedman has long been an object of reform hatred: the *Voice* says he made the Bronx a "banana republic"; the *Times* abominates him for dumping two white judges with excellent records in favor of his own Hispanic and black candidates. But from 1978 when Koch helped Friedman win a dogfight for the Bronx party leadership, the two have often been allied. In 1981 Friedman was among the first to urge Koch to run for governor. Lately the *Times* reports that Friedman was a guest at Koch's New Year's Eve party at which the mayor was privately sworn in to his third term, 12 hours before his public inauguration.

Just what was the deal? One Koch critic, Vincent Marchiselli, a former Bronx assemblyman, speculates that Koch's relationship with Friedman was a variation on an old style of patronage. Koch was generally assured of Friedman's support on initiatives that mattered to him; in return Koch would agree to support Friedman's local candidates, "even if they're the dregs." It's generally reported that one of the jobs Koch allotted to the party bosses was that of Anthony R. Ameruso, the transportation commissioner (with responsibility for the PVB) who resigned in late January. Koch denies this. The closest Koch has come to acknowledging patronage deals with party leaders was in a defensive moment during a long *Daily News* interview. "Is the PVB a political dumping ground?" the editors asked. Koch shot back, "A dumping ground means incompetence, not corrupt people."

THE mayor's indirect admission of some degree of bureaucratic cynicism is a departure from the Ed Koch the country has come to admire. Koch opens *Politics* with a long attack on patronage as being the traditional "glue" of politics that he has been able to eschew given his great personal appeal. I didn't need the party bosses, so they couldn't get anything from me, Koch says in essence. "What they would seek to do was to wear me down a little so that I would bend on occasion and take their appointments. I assume that on occasion I did, but I cannot recall one such occasion," he writes.

The scandal suggests that the relationships were a bit more complex than the mayor suggests. Asked by the *Daily News* what made Friedman powerful, Koch said, "Because of the belief held by some people in public office that without his support, they couldn't be reelected." One of those people may even have been Koch.

After Koch's defeat in the 1982 governor's race, there was a feeling that his organization had fared poorly on the street. In *Politics*, Koch says that in the 1985 mayor's race he changed his usual practice of spending 90 percent of his

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campaign funds on television advertising. Instead, Koch split his seven million dollars, spending only half on TV and the rest on the "street campaign." Koch mentions handing out literature, making phone calls, carrying posters, giving out buttons and palm cards, driving people to the polls. These, of course, are traditional chores of party regulars.

The current scandals surely haven't damaged what Koch calls his "personal integrity, both fiscally and intellectually." Even a critic like Marchiselli has to admire the mayor's sincerity: "He helped these people and they sold him out. He's pissed and I don't blame him." But the scandals do point up the persistence of the clubhouse in 1980s politics, and emphasize the Whitmanesque stature of a third-term mayor in a huge, one-party city that contains both multitudes and contradictions.

PHILIP WEISS

Philip Weiss's profile of Brian Urquhart, "The Man Who Fell to Earth," appeared in the February 10 issue.

Haiti's horrible history.

SLAVES AND SLAUGHTER

THERE IS A TIDE in the affairs of men . . . when it is time to go. Jean-Claude "Baby Doc" Duvalier seems to have missed the boat. A year ago, when things were still pretty quiet in Haiti, he could have gone off with his wife, children, entourage, designer clothing, Gucci bags, Vuitton luggage, and *les musts de Cartier* and retired to one of his Swiss or French properties to spend the proceeds of years of prudent squirreling against a powerless winter. Any excuse might have done.

But now it is probably too late. France doesn't want him. An embarrassed François Mitterrand, good Socialist that he is, feels that the sacred right of French asylum, always liberally accorded to such freedom-loving figures as Karl Marx (shortly withdrawn), sundry *brigadisti rossi*, and Khomeini, was never intended to serve as cover for a man with so much blood on his record if not his conscience. Mitterrand's masterpiece of understatement: "I don't know whether this person is really the best symbol of human rights in the world."

But if France doesn't like him, who will? The French thought they had made a deal: a rest stop and then away—back to America, if no one else would take him. That was not our sense of the matter. We were concerned, we said, to make possible a peaceful transition to a better regime, not to serve as the haven for a royalist emigration. Since the Duvaliers are francophone, we feel, they would much prefer France to the United States (and maybe anything to Liberia). Having taken in tens of thousands of Haitian refugees, we could not assure the Duvaliers' security: too many angry people around. Besides, it is far more important to us than to France to maintain a good image in the Caribbean.

Meanwhile there is Haiti—a crowded piece of badly deforested and eroded land with the lowest income per head in the Western hemisphere. We hear talk of a new era: the institution of popular government; a resumption of foreign investment; a restoration of infrastructure; employment-creating enterprises—onward and upward. The program and goals are standard and unexceptionable. Getting there is the problem. After all, this is not Haiti's first chance. By 20th-century measures, it is an old country. Like the United States, Haiti won its freedom by driving out a European power in what Robert Palmer has called the age of democratic revolution. Haiti was known then as Saint-Domingue and was France's richest colonial possession. Its wealth came from sugar and coffee, above all from sugar, cultivated on large and middling plantations by slave labor. These blacks made up more than 90 percent of the population. Saint-Domingue was in effect a piece of Africa transported to the New World.

The rest of the population was about evenly divided between mulatto freemen (the "yellows") and the whites. Color was class. The yellows constituted an intermediate group between whites and blacks, serving as overseers, agents, shop clerks, craftsmen. The whites were planters, soldiers, merchants, technicians, doctors, clergy. Some of these had brought families from Europe. But Haiti was not a healthful place, and the wiser whites left wives and children at home in France. That was another reason for the creation of a creole population.

The official religion—officially the only religion—was Roman Catholicism. But this moved only the whites, their households, and to a lesser extent the yellows. The blacks in the huts and fields, though touched by the white man's faith, retained a mix of African beliefs and practices that we still know as voodoo, with a strong component of sorcery. Whites and yellows spoke French. Blacks spoke a creole mix of French and various west African tongues. Two worlds cohabited, both of them brutalized and terrorized by a relationship of power and exploitation. The great mass of sullen, smoldering slaves had to be kept in line by whip and fire. Their white masters, quick to punish, had nightmares of slave revolt. The hills were filled with *marrons*, rogue slaves gone over to plunder. The sugar estates and refineries were plagued by sabotage.

IT WAS NOT the blacks, though, who were the most immediate enemies of the slave order. It was the yellows, nominally free but deprived of civic rights. They read the new literature of freedom put out by enlightened French opinion (the Société des Amis des Noirs was founded in 1788), and the outbreak of revolution in the mother country led them to demand immediate rather than gradual reform. In 1791 Paris granted them citizenship. The whites on the island, infuriated, sought to block enforcement. The yellows agitated, conspired, fomented resistance. And then in 1792 the blacks rose in revolt.

It took more than a decade to end the conflict. An initial

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period of anarchy and warlordism drove the French from the countryside into the cities, where they could shelter under the protection of military garrisons and naval guns. When they sought help from the home country, they found that the new revolutionary government was too busy fighting a coalition of European enemies to divert resources to the colony. Instead it sent out commissars, who in 1793 proclaimed freedom for the slaves. This no more ended the struggle than Lincoln's Emancipation Proclamation would end the Civil War.

NOTHING is so ferocious as a race war. It is war to the death. Black bands surged through the land, killing every white they could, from the oldest of invalids to suckling babes. White garrisons sallied forth and returned atrocity for atrocity. Prisoners were routinely massacred, which only discouraged surrender. There was even an anticipation of the Nazi gas chambers. The French fitted out a ship as a mass extermination machine: blacks were driven down into the hold and asphyxiated by noxious fumes. The name of the vessel: *The Stifler*. It was one of the quieter ways to go.

This first stage ended in 1796, when Pierre-Dominique Toussaint l'Ouverture, said to be the son of an African chief and destined for leadership, united the black armies and imposed a respite. The French, keen to save the form if not the substance, made him governor in the name of France. But then he declared himself governor-for-life, and Bonaparte in Paris was not ready to tolerate another Bonaparte in Haiti. In 1802 a French expeditionary force landed on the island, its mission to subdue the blacks. Bonaparte had even bigger plans: Haiti, in combination with Louisiana, would be the making of a new French empire. But the invasion force was quickly defeated, as much by disease as by fierce resistance. The French, however, did succeed in trapping Toussaint by means of the most solemn promises: how could he not trust the bearers of *liberté, égalité, fraternité*? His captors took him to France in irons and placed him in an icy cell in a fortress in the Jura mountains. There this son of Africa, strong and valiant as he was, quickly shriveled and died of pneumonia. Napoleon gave up his American dream and sold Louisiana for two cents an acre.

Toussaint's successor, Jean-Jacques Dessalines, was filled with an immense, unappeasable bitterness. He drove out the rest of the French forces, and on January 1, 1804, proclaimed independence in terms that evoked the crimes of the past and promised more blood to come: "Citizens, look about you for your wives, husbands, brothers, sisters. Look for your children, your nursing babies. Where have they gone?" And then Dessalines personally led a massacre of every remaining French man, woman, and child in the country, excepting only a handful of doctors and clergy.

Haiti has cherished the memory of Toussaint, pupil of the Enlightenment, believer (and victim) of the hopes and illusions of a revolutionary era. But it also has remembered and honored Dessalines, savage in his hates, a man who turned his country in upon itself, the better to confront a hostile world. It is a mixed and bloody heritage, with the disappointed hopes of the one reinforcing and justifying the angry withdrawal of the other.

The effect of these barbarities is still being felt. The legacy of fire and blood was a population reduced almost by half and an economy in ruins. Fields and cities were laid waste; the sugar mills were a rusting mass of scrap iron and ashes. The houses were gone, the huts were empty. Nor were reconstruction and resumption possible, because the freed slaves wanted nothing to do with employment. No one wanted to work for another, because that was what slavery was all about. Instead, each wanted his own plot, to grow food for consumption and perhaps coffee for market.

But Dessalines needed sugar, because sugar was money and money was needed to pay for those forts and inland towns (away from the vulnerable coast) and a standing army consisting of up to ten percent of the population. So, in what was surely one of the most ironic betrayals in history, within two weeks of exhorting the Haitian people "to accept death in preference to the yoke," Dessalines proposed to open his ports to slave ships that would bring adult males for purchase by the Haitian government. And he offered a price for every Haitian refugee returned to the island. Neither measure helped, so Dessalines conducted a raid on the Spanish-speaking eastern part of the island. It was a raid to kill whites and capture blacks. It brought back some thousands of conscripts. Like the peasants assigned to forced labor in the fields, they were not called slaves, because slavery was forbidden by law. Whips were also prohibited, but adequate substitutes were found in vines (often with thorns) and sticks. The *cocomacac*, a heavy cane, could be very persuasive when it did not kill. Laborers, Dessalines pointed out, could be controlled "only by fear of punishment and even death." The Haitians had to kill Dessalines to get rid of him.

In the meantime, neither force nor fear could overcome a population schooled in resistance. Many of the plantations were now owned by mulattoes, who found themselves targeted as the new enemy. Like the French before them, they retreated into the cities, creating a color line between rural and urban. Sugar was finished. Even coffee exports dwindled, from 77 million pounds in 1789, at the peak of colonial prosperity, to 43 million in 1801, 32 million in 1832. As foreign earnings shrank, Haiti found it ever harder to make up domestic food shortages by imports. In the end, the government had to give up its hope of restoring cash crops and had to encourage subsistence farming. As the population increased, plots grew smaller, the earth poorer, people hungrier—a downward spiral of squalor and immiserization.

IT WAS a poor basis for a democratic polity. This was a country with an elective presidential regime, but it quickly acquired the characteristics of pillage politics. Poor as Haiti was, there was always some surplus to be appropriated. The property of the ruling elite was there for the taking by any coterie strong enough to seize the reins. So in 150 years, Haiti ran through some 30 heads of state, almost none of whom finished his term or got out at the end of it.

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Many of them died to leave office, and their departures were followed by bloody, racist massacres—blacks revenging themselves on yellows, the yellows getting theirs back. In the long run, the blacks had the best of it, if only because there were more of them and they were the standard-bearers of unconditional negritude. The yellows were always suspected of being too French, in language, dress, and manners.

The only period of relative tranquillity was the 20 years of American presence. From 1915 to 1934, a regiment of United States Marines helped keep order, improved communications, and provided the stability needed to make the political system work and to facilitate trade with the outside. Even a benevolent occupation creates resistance, though, not only among the beneficiaries, but also among the more enlightened members of the dominant society. Progressive Americans, including Paul Douglas (then a professor, later a senator from Illinois), reminded their compatriots that it was the United States, in the person of Assistant Secretary of the Navy Franklin D. Roosevelt, that had bestowed on Haiti its new constitution, which proudly affirmed that "the Republic of Haiti is one and indivisible, free, sovereign and independent." (FDR said modestly: ". . . if I do say it, I think it is a pretty good constitution.") Douglas went on to warn his countrymen against the "slippery slopes" of imperialism. The United States should teach the techniques of administration and then leave the Haitians to govern themselves. To be sure, Haiti might not be ready for that, but if we couldn't do the job in 20 years, "there was little likelihood of our ever being able to do so."

NO DOUBT. The United States left two years early, under the pressure of popular hostility and government opposition. The legislature then voted a new constitution (so much for Roosevelt's efforts), which enhanced presidential authority without improving the assurance of tenure. Coup followed coup, until the election of François Duvalier in 1957. He was smarter than his predecessors: learning from experience, he emasculated the army and surrounded himself with a Pretorian guard of thugs. These were the *tonton macoutes*, country layabouts who liked nothing more than to beat, rob, and kill the educated elites of the cities, those literate few who might have nourished dreams of a better Haiti. Thanks to endemic terror variously applied (the fear is more potent than the fact), Papa Doc was able to die in office, in bed.

Not his son. He made the mistake of marrying a beautiful woman of cosmopolitan tastes and extravagant habits, a Marie Antoinette. Even her decorator had to stay at the Ritz. (Her mother-in-law, a real hard-liner, had never behaved that way.) Historians should rewrite their theories of revolution to take into account the spouse as well as the ruler.

It would be rash to predict happiness for Haiti. Nothing in history justifies anything but faith and hope. But there are some six million people there and counting—abysmally poor, 80 percent illiterate, yet full of expectation—some 700 miles from our coast. We had better find something more potent and productive than charity.

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The Sandinistas' 1986 strategy.

MANAGUA'S GAME

BY THE END OF 1985 it was obvious that the National Directorate of the Sandinista Front was aware of a sharp decline in its strategic position, and sensed that 1986 would be a year of crucial decisions. At issue was not merely the country's unprecedented economic crisis but also the estrangement between Nicaraguan society and a self-styled revolutionary state. What's more, the Sandinistas' international image was suffering from their intimate and gratuitous alliance with the Communist world, their relationship with guerrilla groups in Latin America, and their lack of sensitivity to the needs of their liberal friends in the U.S. Congress.

But there had been positive developments for the Sandinistas as well. The election of Daniel Ortega as president in 1984 had resolved the problem of attempting to rule by a directorate of nine equals. They had consolidated the mechanisms of social control, from the Popular Sandinista Army and the Ministry of Interior to the bureaucracy represented by the Committees of Sandinista Defense and a highly sophisticated ideological apparatus. And despite the loss of prestige, they continued to be regarded by the international community as preferable to the so-called counterrevolution, or perhaps more precisely, as the lesser of two evils in an allegedly primitive political culture. Outside of Nicaragua, the counterrevolution remained synonymous with the ancien régime, with its characteristic pacts among oligarchic factions, an unholy alliance of what was left of Somoza's old political class and the remnants of his National Guard.

The Nicaraguan resistance had grown spectacularly, but had not been able to develop a respectable international image. What it needed most was a unified, intelligent leadership, capable of articulating its goals in the language of the 1980s, of linking the struggle of the city with that of the countryside, becoming a genuine democratic vanguard. Against this fact, an insurrection of 20,000 peasants, or of an entire people—the Miskito Indians—was of little import. The political leadership of the *contras*, as the Sandinistas saw it, would never be able to act as an echo chamber

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for what was, after all, a truly popular struggle. In the war against Somoza, a single shot fired in the streets of a tiny Nicaraguan town like La Libertad would be heard, so to speak, in Stockholm. Today news of entire set-piece battles barely reaches Key Biscayne.

The only thing the Sandinistas truly feared was the figure of Cardinal Obando y Bravo, and a probable alliance between the Church and the trade unions. The private business sector and the traditional political parties were of no account. On the contrary: their continued existence provided a useful facade of nominal pluralism.

The Sandinistas reasoned that if the revolution could survive 1986, it would become permanent. They needed to concentrate on two areas of comparative advantage: propaganda and war. In the economic realm, the only requirement was to survive at the level of sheer subsistence, and to generate (or buy with long-term credit from the Soviet Union) those resources essential to a war economy—fertilizers, medicine, and oil. Ironically, Sandinista propaganda owes much to Reagan's war and his ill-advised commercial blockade (since by now there is nothing to blockade). Both serve to justify an economy of scarcity, whose characteristic feature is the daily recitation of what items are unavailable.

Last year Congress gave the *contras* $27 million in "humanitarian" aid. This year the White House will ask for more, and earmark large quantities for military equipment. But this time there will be no lightning visit of Daniel Ortega to Moscow. Instead, Ortega will go to Guatemala City, or to visit President Belisario Betancur Cuartas or President José Napoleón Duarte, where he will offer to respect the short-term interests of Guatemala or Colombia or El Salvador.

As Managua sees it, the important thing is to prevent Congress from appropriating the funds, and even more, to forestall the creation of a democratic vanguard of national resistance. Such a vanguard, properly understood, would not wait for magical solutions from on high, such as a landing of the U.S. Marines. Instead, on its own steam it will achieve something utterly unprecedented—the defeat of a Leninist vanguard already firmly installed in power.

IN SPITE of their arrogant rhetoric, the Sandinistas know that if intervention comes they will not be able to retire to the mountains of Segoria province, or the forests of the Atlantic coast, there to lead—as Tomás Borge has bravely offered to do—a hundred-year war of prolonged resistance. The inconvenient truth is that both regions already belong to the forces of the counterrevolution. The only alternative in the event of an American invasion would be to fall back to the country's Pacific corridor, where the Popular Sandinista Army would be forced to fight a conventional war of fixed positions.

But the *comandantes* depend on what they call the "contradictions" of democratic societies, (meaning their virtues), and the nightmare of Vietnam, which continues to bedevil the American soul. These things restrain even so decisive an administration as Ronald Reagan's, which possesses a deep sense of its manifest destiny in the Caribbean. To push the United States over the brink would require the stupidest mistakes—something more than simply inviting in more Cuban and Bulgarian military advisers (since for some reason this has been judged, willy-nilly, as permissible). To provoke U.S. intervention, the Sandinistas would have to offer Nicaragua as a missile base for the Soviet Union, something that, in fact, Defense Minister Humberto Ortega has already threatened to do.

WE CAN be certain that such irrational measures do not figure in Managua's current plans, at least not during what it regards as the Reagan parenthesis in American history. The new leaders of revolutionary Nicaragua have shown a remarkable capacity to overcome the mechanical vision of "imperialist logic," which they originally learned from their yellowed Marxist texts. By now they are well acquainted with the deepest fears of the United States, the traumas left by McCarthyism, the Vietnam syndrome, and the institutional crisis created by Watergate. In their view the United States is a sick nation, lacking even a minimal consensus among its elites, corrupted by its material well-being, unwilling to make the slightest sacrifice for a larger goal, and paralyzed by a sense of shame over its historical record.

The Sandinistas also have inherited one of the most valuable legacies of the Somoza era: the technique of speaking to American audiences, appealing to their vanities, their illusions, their traumas, to a frame of mind that (in the present context) automatically disposes many Americans to grant greater credit to Fidel Castro than to their own elected president.

Two generations of Somozas and their "charming wives" knew how to delude the conservatives of yesteryear, by explaining how difficult it would be to export democracy to the Nicaraguans ("who are not ready for it"). Today the *comandantes* and *their* wives know how to convince the writers of the PEN Congress that theirs is a "different kind of democracy," in which—because of Reagan's war against their country—they have no choice but to apply censorship, a minor sin, surely, when one is busy constructing a new society. And if the United States could only learn to live with Central American revolutions, inevitable in any case, they would not have to turn to the Soviet Union, etc., etc.

The Sandinistas also know, having spoken to hundreds of visiting North American and European delegations, that what counts most in the debate is the emotional issue of human rights. And here they stand on advantageous terrain, since they can compare their record to that of El Salvador or Guatemala (at least until the most recent elections), and declare themselves the winner.

It is certainly true that right-wing death squads have wreaked horror in El Salvador and Guatemala. There the repression has taken a feudal expression in which violence, to be effective, must not merely eliminate the enemy physically, but also teach a lesson to the rest of the rebellious peasant class. In Nicaragua the methods of repression have

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been different—and more effective. Wherever power is so heavily concentrated, it is possible for the disappearances to be more selective. And when it is necessary to resort to more generalized repression, as in the case of the Indian communities of the Atlantic coast, the act has been consummated under a veil of the strictest censorship.

The tragedy of the counterrevolution in Nicaragua is a lack of capable leadership—people able to explain the profoundly popular nature of its social bases. Too many of the leaders of the *contras* remain bogged down in the language and the ideas of the 1950s. The middle-level cadres are unable to speak the very special language necessary to communicate with American journalists. When these reporters ask the "average" *contra* why he is fighting, his response is too pedestrian and tacky to be truly revolutionary. It gives away his essentially "reactionary" nature, in much the same way as the religious medal around his neck. The unglamorous truth is that he is fighting for no other reason than to preserve his way of life, to protect his traditions from the voracious appetite of a Leninist vanguard determined to transform him—against his will—into a "new man."

The Sandinistas are confident that Congress will not support military aid at a time when the diplomatic game called Contadora appears to be undergoing one of its cyclical resuscitations. We seem to be returning to the pattern of the 1984 Nicaraguan elections—replete with a repetition of the Rio de Janeiro negotiations and a reopening of discussions with Indian leaders like Brooklyn Rivera. (As before, Rivera will be cast aside when the danger from the U.S. Congress has passed, Rivera himself forgotten by his American patrons, and his people bombed into submission by the Sandinista air force.) The Sandinistas believe this is a game that neither the Reagan administration nor the leaders of the *contras* possess sufficient agility to play.

The next two months will be the period of great tactical openings. Perhaps the *comandantes* are right: Leninism is invincible when the formalities of bourgeois politics are the name of the game.

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Al D'Amato, the Senate's leading shakedown artist.

THE SOUL OF A NEW MACHINE POLITICIAN

BY MURRAY WAAS

LAST March Senator Alfonse D'Amato was having dinner at his favorite restaurant in New York City's Little Italy when he was told he had a phone call from President Reagan. The president was personally calling senators to line up support for an upcoming vote on the MX missile, a cornerstone of the administration's defense buildup. The outcome very likely could be decided by a single vote.

"Molinari, you creep, cut this bullshit out," D'Amato barked into the phone at Reagan. New York Representative Guy Molinari, a friend of D'Amato, only minutes earlier had made a crank call to D'Amato's table, pretending he was Secretary of Defense Caspar Weinberger. D'Amato thought it was Molinari calling again. After Reagan had convinced D'Amato that it was indeed the president of the United States speaking, the senator listened to Reagan's pitch for the MX.

When lobbying D'Amato, White House officials had come to expect adventure. Four months before, in November 1984, when the White House solicited D'Amato's support on an earlier MX vote, D'Amato had delivered a blunt message to the president. He would vote with the administration only if Reagan would do him a favor: provide $140 million to hire more customs agents and Coast Guard personnel to combat drug smuggling in New York. The White House staff was shaken. They had given into D'Amato on occasions too numerous to count, trading grant money, extra appropriations, and favors for New York in exchange for D'Amato's votes. "He always had a long shopping list ready whenever we approached him," says a former senior White House official. "He never just voted one for the Gipper without asking for anything in return." Mike Kinsella, D'Amato's administrative assistant, confirms that the senator routinely asks the White House for tit-for-tat deals. Recalling the incident when D'Amato mistook the president for a crank caller, Kinsella said, "Alfonse was so nonplussed . . . he forgot to ask him [Reagan] for his usual trade." To ensure that no opportunity to extract a favor from the White House goes untapped, D'Amato had New York State's lobbyist in Washington compile a wish list of the state's needs.

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White House officials did not like the fact that D'Amato had put the squeeze on the president. They talked of calling the senator's bluff. But knowing the vote on the controversial missile was going to be a close one, they finally decided to give D'Amato the additional customs agents.

Would D'Amato have voted against the missile program, perhaps even casting the decisive vote to kill it, if the White House hadn't acquiesced to his demands? "Yes," says Mike Hathaway, the senator's former national security adviser and current staff director of the Helsinki Commission. "The senator goes eyeball-to-eyeball with the White House all the time. If he ever blinked first—even just once—he wouldn't have any credibility to deal again." Bruce Ray, D'Amato's legislative chief, agrees. "If the White House had told him to get lost, I have no doubt he would have walked right out onto the floor and voted 'present.' "

D'Amato originally denied to me that the deal ever took place. "Listen, kid," he said before we even sat down for an interview, "I don't make deals. You understand? Never." He then started imitating the "Saturday Night Live" character Mr. Bill, talking in a comical, high-pitched manner: "If you vote for me, I'll vote for you. Do me a favor, I do you a favor." D'Amato reverted to his own voice and started yelling: "I don't do things that way, kid. All right?"

I WOULD LIKE to believe the senator. He is personable and plainspoken, a rarity in Washington politics. But after our first conversation I spoke with some nine people—including White House officials, lobbyists, reporters, and four of D'Amato's aides—who told me of their firsthand knowledge of D'Amato's trading his vote. When I spoke with D'Amato again and told him what I had learned, he admitted discussing funds for new customs agents with White House officials. But he insisted he never asked for a specific quid pro quo: "I would have voted for the MX no matter what happened," the senator now says.

In November 1984, however, D'Amato was telling a different story. He boasted to a convention of state and federal law enforcement officers in Syracuse, New York, that he definitely would have voted against the MX unless the White House came up with the extra $140 million. D'Amato told the drug agents that he did not agree to vote for the MX until two hours before the roll call, when he received a written guarantee about the extra funds. When shown a newspaper account of his remarks, D'Amato again changed his story, saying that, yes, he really would have voted against the MX. He said he shook down the president only because drugs are "the greatest problem this country faces."

D'Amato's vote trading has won him a certain notoriety on Capitol Hill. At a recent gathering of Republican Party activists, Senate Majority Whip Alan Simpson of Wyoming asserted he was "not a bagman" for costly Western water projects. D'Amato was also present at the gathering and laughed. Then Simpson pointed good-naturedly in D'Amato's direction, declaring, "If you want to hear a real bagman, go to Al D'Amato." But there are others who prefer to drop the whole subject. "You print a story saying that we have done all these favors for D'Amato, and we'll have a dozen senators asking us for favors the next time we need them," says a White House official. "We'll have chaos around here."

An obvious question: New York might benefit from the favors D'Amato receives. But doesn't the nation as a whole suffer when every senator demands and gets these expensive special favors? Not at all, says Bruce Ray. "I'll tell you what I used to tell my students," he adds (he was once a political science professor): "The only real definition of pork barrel is jobs for somebody else's district or state."

Al D'Amato is one of Washington's most remarkable success stories. With less than a year before he faces reelection for the first time, New York Democrats have yet to come up with a well-known opponent. Geraldine Ferraro and Brooklyn district attorney and former representative Elizabeth Holtzman, two potentially powerful challengers, have declined to make the race. Close associates of Ferraro say that advance polling showed she had little chance of winning. Meanwhile, D'Amato has amassed a six-million-dollar campaign war chest to scare off other opponents.

How has this happened? After all, D'Amato himself says that when he came to Washington, he was viewed by many as a "Neanderthal—some corrupt cretin." Before his election to the Senate he had spent his entire 20-year political career, first as a minor cog and later as a key lieutenant, in the corrupt political machine headed by Republican boss Joseph Margiotta. Margiotta has dominated political life in Nassau County on Long Island for more than two decades. Until he went to prison in 1983 on federal fraud and extortion charges, his suburban political machine closely resembled inner-city Democratic machines like those of Frank Rizzo of Philadelphia and Richard Daley of Chicago. D'Amato has adapted the ways and methods of machine politics and made them work for him here in Washington. More than any other reason, that is why Alfonse D'Amato could remain in the Senate for the next 30 years.

SHAKEDOWNS WERE a way of life in Margiotta's Nassau County. Municipal workers were required to kick back or "set aside" one percent of their salaries each year to the Republican machine to ensure their eligibility for raises and promotions. Even professors at the local community college had to ante up. At one time D'Amato denied that he knew about the practice when he served as the presiding supervisor of the town of Hempstead, a sprawling suburban community on Long Island. In sworn testimony to a grand jury that indicted three of the town's commissioners for the one percent scam, D'Amato said, "Officially and unofficially no one has ever come to me and complained to me and made known that type of policy. . . . I would have certainly used my influence to see to it that it would not be collected."

But in later civil litigation, a letter written by D'Amato surfaced, revealing that he not only knew about the institutionalized shakedowns, but participated in them as well. "I have spoken to Mr. Margiotta," D'Amato wrote to a local Republican leader on behalf of a friend, "and he has indicat-

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ed to me that the raise for Mr. Marcus of the Sanitation Department would be approved if he took care of the 1 percent. Accordingly, please find a check for $75. . . ." The jury in the civil suit concluded last August that between 1973 and 1976 the town of Hempstead, the Hempstead Republican Committee, and the Nassau County Republican Committee were responsible for the one percent system. During that time, D'Amato was a Hempstead town supervisor.

Margiotta, D'Amato's mentor, went to jail for running a scheme in which insurance companies that wanted to do business with the county government were required to pay kickbacks to prominent Republicans. The grand jury that indicted Margiotta also implicated D'Amato. It concluded that the illegal scheme partly relied on the "reasonable belief" by insurance firms that "the Presiding Supervisor of the Town of Hempstead . . . would appoint or dismiss as broker of record for the town . . . any person whom . . . Joseph Margiotta told him to." Furthermore, if the insurance firm "did not make and continue to make the payments as directed by . . . Margiotta, it would not be appointed as broker of record for the town of Hempstead." The presiding supervisor of Hempstead during the time cited in the indictment was Alfonse D'Amato.

D'Amato and Margiotta financed D'Amato's long-shot campaign for the Senate in 1980 in the same way they had financed their local campaigns: from the people whose livelihood depended on the county. The *Village Voice* reported that D'Amato received more than $100,000 for the Republican primary alone "from Nassau and Hempstead contractors, employees, and other businesses that profit from the decisions he makes as presiding supervisor." D'Amato's campaign was also helped by $80,000 in loans from a New York bank at interest rates eight points below the prime rate of the time. D'Amato had previously placed eight million dollars of Hempstead's tax money in various branches of the bank in interest-free accounts. He continued to do so even after a federal grand jury pointed out that it had cost Hempstead's taxpayers more than three million dollars in interest payments.

WITH THIS effective fund-raising operation, D'Amato, a political unknown outside of Nassau County, was able to keep pace with the fund-raising of incumbent Republican Jacob Javits, a 24-year veteran of the Senate, and Democratic nominee Elizabeth Holtzman, an eight-year veteran of the House. He used the money to flood the state with television commercials pointing out that Javits was in poor health. "And now, at age 76, and in failing health, he wants six *more* years," an announcer declared.

A grand jury investigated the bank loans to D'Amato's 1980 campaign and cleared the senator of any wrongdoing. Another grand jury looking into the question of the coerced one percent payments accepted the senator's word that he knew nothing of such things. (The letter he wrote proving otherwise did not surface until three years later.) The grand jury that implicated him in Margiotta's kickback scheme declined to charge him. While D'Amato's friends were busy fighting criminal convictions and prison sentences, he was elected to the Senate.

D'AMATO'S SUCCESS is due in part to a kind of journalistic immunity. Although the *Voice* and *Newsday* published lengthy investigative stories about D'Amato's Nassau County transgressions before the 1980 election, the state's—and for that matter the nation's—"newspaper of record," the *New York Times*, hardly printed a word about them.

Readers of the *Times* never learned that D'Amato's father obtained a $34,000-a-year seldom-show patronage job to "keep abreast of the current statistics in the field of economics as they apply to the county of Nassau." Armand D'Amato claimed that his patronage job kept him so busy that he could only find time to manage the insurance firm he had run for the last 43 years on nights and weekends. But the business did not seem to suffer. The firm received more than $60,000 in commissions from another insurance company that did business with the local government that Alfonse headed.

The *Times*'s support by omission continues. In December 1983 a close friend of D'Amato named Philip Basile was convicted of conspiring with a leader of the Luchese organized crime family to arrange a dummy job for an imprisoned mob underling trying to obtain parole. D'Amato testified as a character witness on Basile's behalf. A federal law enforcement official familiar with Basile's numerous dealings with the Luchese family says, "I get nauseous when I hear Al D'Amato talking about his so-called anti-drug crusade. How does he think the Luchese family earns all their money?"

When D'Amato testified last fall about his role in the one percent shakedown scheme and admitted that he had misled the grand jury, the *Times* did not even run the story—about a local senator, mind you—on page one. Shortly after that the *Times* ran a lengthy, favorable profile of D'Amato. The only mention of his role in the Margiotta machine was D'Amato's own comments on the subject:

> "Maybe it is something I have to prove to people," he says in a rare moment of introspection, "that you don't have to be an Ivy Leaguer or come from a certain stratum, that you can be Alfonse Marcello D'Amato, and you can have been the product of a political machine and certainly you made mistakes along the way, but that in the final analysis, it's the kind of job you want to do."

This was not, as the *Times* described it, "a rare moment of introspection," but rather a shrewd way to defuse criticism of his past. A former aide says: "When the corruption thing comes up, there's little he can do to defend himself against specific allegations, so he talks about his humble, working-class Italian background. That way he can make an attack on him appear to also be one of Italians and working-class people in general."

D'Amato demonstrated his flair for favorable media coverage at an informal hearing last January 1985 on subway vigilante Bernhard Goetz. The hearings were sponsored by Pennsylvania Senator Arlen Specter, no slouch himself in

continued on page 24

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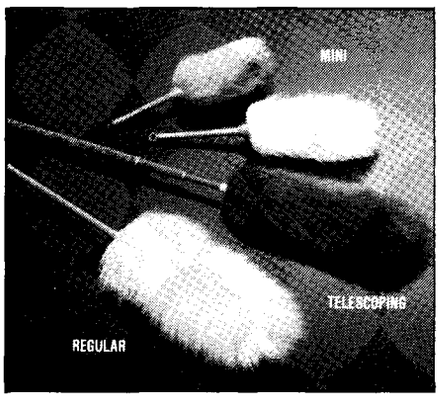

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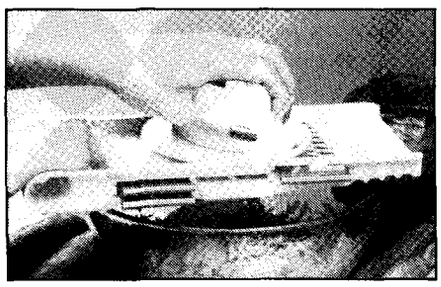

The Leifheit 4-in-1 grater is a sure-grip food holder that lets you work at top speed with no fear of flaying your fingers. Molded hand-grip gives sure control, indentations seat the grater securely atop bowls from 4½″ to 9½″ diameter. Blades are stainless steel, store right in grater frame, and provide choice of small and large shredders, medium grater, and ground-edge slicer. The unit itself is made of tough ABS plastic, dishwasher safe. Imported from West Germany. It's the first truly civilized grater we've seen. **$19.00** ($3.95) #A1233 each.

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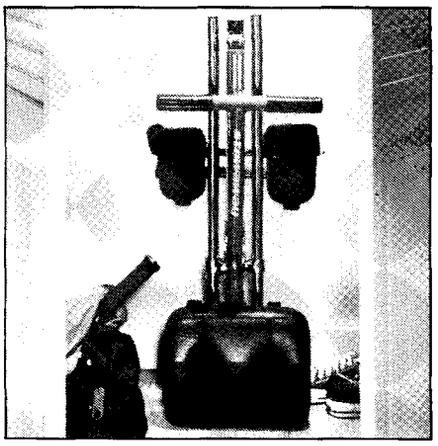
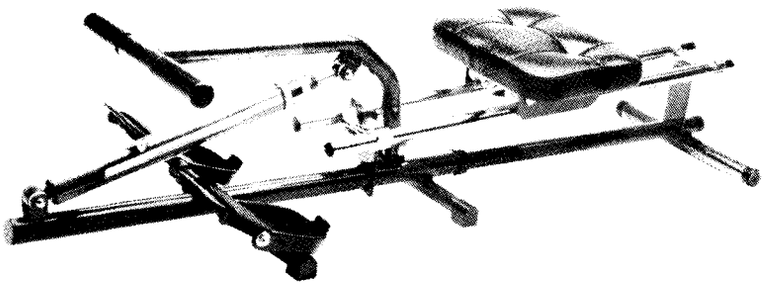
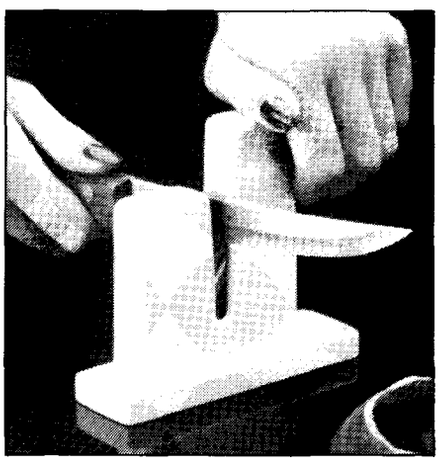
Rowers require elbow room. But when the workout is over, why have your home looking like a health club? The new Stowaway Rower from Vitamaster slides shut after use, requires only 12″ x 15″ x 34″ storage space. Stow it in a closet, behind a door, in back of a couch, under a bed. Takes less room than a suitcase, packs all the quality you need, for a first-class workout. Padded contour seat with nylon roller riding on chrome rails for comfortable quiet rowing action. Single rowing arm with hydraulic tension resistance, 12 dial-adjustable settings, from ladylike to linebacker strength. Hefty tubular steel construction. No-Mar foot pads protect floor or carpets. Fits nicely in a budget, too, only **$99.00** ($11.95) #VMA1522





SHARPEST OF THE SHARPENERS



The classic knife sharpening tool is the butcher's steel, but most people find it intimidating. The Chantry Knife Sharpener duplicates butcher steel action but makes it so simple anyone can sharpen and realign a blade edge perfectly in moments. As the knife edge is drawn between a pair of hard (Rockwell 64-65) Sheffield Steel rods, spring-loaded at just the proper angle, both sides of the blade are aligned. Works on stainless or carbon steel knives, straight or serrated edges. The Chantry is made of heavily enameled steel, can be countertop mounted, costs **$32.00** ($4.95) #A1225. It is included in the permanent design collection of the Museum of Modern Art.

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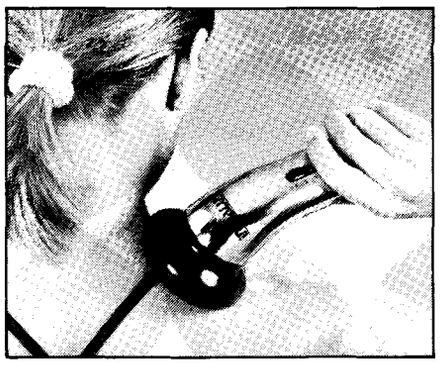

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Keys are misplaced more often than any other modern essential. Which results in an awful lot of frustration and wasted time. Now thanks to Beep'n Keep your keys can tell you where you put them. Just clap your hands four times and Beep'n Keep chirps electronically to signal where to find your lost keys. Works up to 30′ away. This is the only keyfinder with a U.S. patent. Special hybrid microchip design requires no on/off switch (other units need you to turn them ON *before* you lose your keys). The Beep'n Keep unit has a tough high-impact plastic case, weighs a mere ½ oz., comes with its own key ring, measures only 2½″ x 1⅛″ x ⅜″, and costs **$17.00** ($2.95) #A1429, batteries included. 30-day warranty. It will save your time — and your temper.

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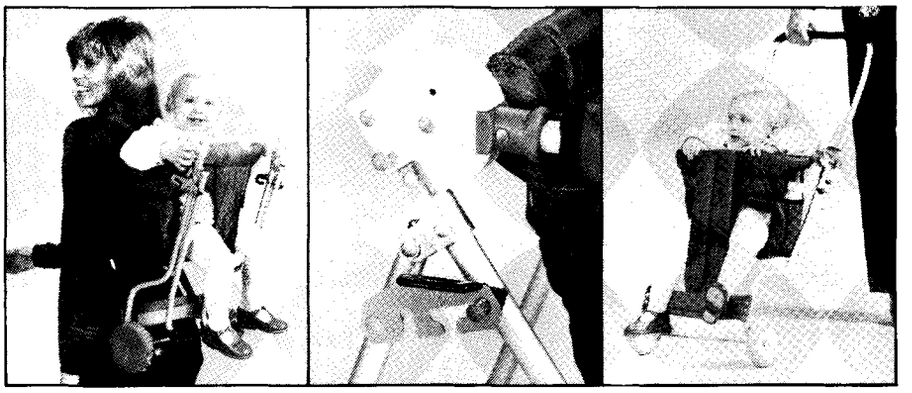

How to carry the baby. It is one of humankind's longest standing concerns. But the new 2-in-1 Kiddie Caddy opens a new era of convenience and choice. One moment it is a deluxe backpack carrier with a double set of leg openings so baby can face forwards or back. The next moment it is a two-wheeled stroller-type carrier that lets you wheel the baby along in comfort. Weighs a mere 4 lbs., converts in just two quick motions. Unique hinge system allows whole unit to fold nearly flat for compact storage. Aluminum frame with durable washable nylon fabric. Padded seat with safety strap for baby, padded shoulder straps and back support for parents. Carrier locks into place as a stand for ease of entry and exit. Wheel covers protect against dirt. The 2-in-1 Kiddie Caddy improves the mobility of any family with small children, makes an ideal gift. **$59.00** ($6.95) #A1519. Recommended for babies up to 40 lbs.

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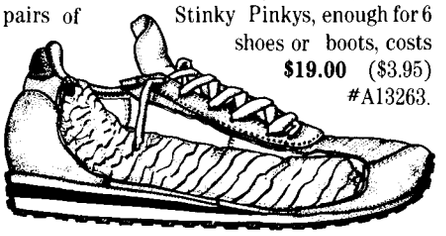
Fortunately, human anatomy is arranged so the nose and the feet are separated by the greatest possible distance. Even so, the twain do occasionally meet — and the nose is usually not delighted to know of the foot's exertions. Now just put a Stinky Pinky "sock" in each shoe and overnight odor is gone, absorbed by the special blend of all-natural earth materials. Works in running shoes, sneakers, boots, leather shoes, anything that goes on your feet. And keeps on working, too — just put Stinky Pinkys out in the sun for a day every three months or so to restore their odor-catching ability. Three pairs of Stinky Pinkys, enough for 6 shoes or boots, costs **$19.00** ($3.95) #A13263.



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media manipulation. (See "Media Specter," September 30, 1985.) But D'Amato stole the show. First he agreed to a request by Goetz's attorney to be a witness at Goetz's trial. Then he unfurled ten-foot-long computer printouts of the criminal records of the three young subway felons who had never served time in prison. As the printouts flowed over his desk, television cameramen and photographers moved forward to record the scene. Specter, watching in awe, was overheard whispering to an aide, "Why can't you guys come up with something like that for *me*?"

RETHINK LIBERALISM AND GET PAID FOR IT

TNR is looking to hire a writer, primarily of editorials. Journalistic experience is not necessarily required. (The last writer we hired through a notice like this one was Charles Krauthammer, at that time a psychiatrist and government bureaucrat.) Requirements do include reflectiveness, originality, style, patience, modest salary ambitions, a fondness for this journal, a coherent synthesis of liberal thought, and a willingness not to hound the editors about your application. Write (don't call) Michael Kinsley or Dorothy Wickenden at these offices if you think you might be the one.

The biggest reason for D'Amato's success in the Senate is that he devotes almost all of his energy to obtaining additional federal funds and grants for high-visibility projects in New York, showing little interest in national and international problems. His critics have named him the "alderman senator" or the "pothole senator," titles D'Amato relishes. "The more things I bring back for New York," D'Amato told me, "the greater chance I'll be coming back to the Senate." Columnist Richard Cohen has denounced D'Amato for bringing "the mentality of the ticket-fixer to the seat once occupied by Jacob Javits and Robert Kennedy."

But it must be acknowledged that the senator is skilled at bringing home the bacon. In 1983, for example, D'Amato built a coalition of senators from states with mass transit interests who agreed to oppose the five-cent-a-gallon gas tax unless one penny in five was set aside for mass transit. That already has meant an extra $600 million for New York. Officials with New York's Mass Transit Authority speak appreciatively of D'Amato's successful fights against Reagan's proposed funding cutbacks. "You really have to refer to Al D'Amato as the miracle worker," said New York Mayor Ed Koch. "He really does deliver." D'Amato has delivered in countless smaller ways too. He helped obtain federal funds for a senior citizens' project near Albany, for a zoo in Syracuse, for a nuclear cleanup. "If someone has some nuclear shit in their backyard," a D'Amato aide says, "we're the ones to call."

But D'Amato doesn't work his miracles for just anyone. When New York officials asked him early in his term for help in securing funding for a low-income housing project in a poor neighborhood in Brooklyn, D'Amato brushed them off. "We didn't do too well with the animal vote, did we?" he said. "Isn't it the animals who live in these projects? They're not our people."

In contrast to his fondness for construction projects, D'Amato has opposed spending on social programs. He voted against restoring administration cuts for CETA and youth employment, and against financial assistance for poor people hardest hit by rising fuel costs. He repeatedly supported administration cuts in the student loan program (although recently he has opposed such cuts). Although he now supports funding for the Legal Services Corporation, he originally supported administration efforts to abolish the agency. D'Amato says that though the sacrifices were painful, they were needed to balance the budget and to cut dangerous deficits.

Yet D'Amato's concern about the deficit disappears when the subject is pork barrel projects—even in other states. On the same day in September 1982 that he voted against a new federal jobs program for the unemployed, he voted to continue funding the notoriously wasteful Clinch River Breeder Reactor. Between 1980 and 1984 he was one of only 12 senators who voted for appropriations for each and every water and public works project proposed. Taking into account his support for such projects on the Appropriations Committee, D'Amato may be the Senate's leading pork barreler.

Here D'Amato's conservative inclinations mesh nicely with his self-interest. Votes in favor of the school lunch program or the Legal Services Corporation are largely anonymous acts. The child who has or doesn't have a hot school lunch or the welfare mother who does or doesn't have legal representation usually doesn't know how his or her senator voted on such issues. And even if they do get a hot lunch or free legal advice, the media will pay no attention. But when a senator obtains federal funds for a housing project, a water reclamation project, a new zoo, for the cleanup of a nuclear waste site, there are announcements by his office, stories in the local newspaper, ribbon cuttings, and ceremonies. Everybody knows who is responsible.

BUT WHY the fondness for pork in other people's states? Easy. The Garrison River Diversion project in North Dakota is of less importance to New Yorkers than school lunches. But it is of some importance to Senator Mark Andrews of North Dakota, the chairman of the Senate Appropriations Subcommittee on Transportation, which oversees federal funding for mass transit projects. Andrews helped D'Amato obtain the federal grants for New York's highways and subways. Similarly, the Tennessee-Tombigbee Canal did nothing for New York, but it was the pet of Alabama Representative Tom Bevill, whose district would have benefited from its construction. As for the Clinch River Breeder Reactor, that was a pet project of then-Senate majority leader Howard Baker, someone you might want to owe you a favor.

"In the early days," a top D'Amato aide recalls, "Alfonse made some tit-for-tat deals. You do A for me, I'll do B for you. Later he decided it would be beneficial to do favors

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without even being asked. Now when we ask for a favor, we've already done A, B, C, and D for the other senator. When you do favors, they are usually returned three times over." But does it make sense to vote for the three-billion-dollar Tennessee-Tombigbee project so you can obtain an additional $30 million to clean up a nuclear waste site in New York? Or to support $1.5 billion for the Clinch River Breeder Reactor in order to get some help later in obtaining funds for a local water-control project?

No matter. D'Amato's machine politics of the 1980s works well—at least for D'Amato. Representative Thomas Manton, Geraldine Ferraro's successor in Congress, recently wanted to obtain federal funds for a senior citizens' home in his district. But an obscure first-term Democratic congressman usually doesn't have much pull with the Reagan administration. So Manton went to see D'Amato. Manton's district will probably get the senior citizens' home; and D'Amato's reelection campaign will get a TV commercial that features Manton singing D'Amato's praises. Mayor Koch has all but endorsed D'Amato's reelection. And New York Governor Mario Cuomo has not exactly been aggressive in working to defeat D'Amato. By sharing his spoils with others, D'Amato has tied their political futures to his own, assuring him they will not be nettlesome adversaries at election time.

ALL political machines—whether they be Margiotta's in Nassau County, Richard Daley's in Chicago, or Ferdinand Marcos's in the Philippines—dispense patronage for two reasons. First, it provides rewards (namely jobs) for those who have given loyal service to the machine. Second, once they are strategically placed in their jobs, they can continue to work on behalf of the machine and its bosses. As a senator, D'Amato has only a limited amount of patronage: he can advise the White House on the appointment of federal judges, U.S. attorneys, and federal marshals. But D'Amato has worked to create patronage opportunities that previously have not existed.

The Urban Mass Transit Administration (UMTA) is a little-known federal agency in charge of doling out mass transit funds to municipal and state governments. In 1983 D'Amato helped his Senate staff counsel, Richard Nasti, become the New York regional administrator for UMTA. Nasti has since helped D'Amato obtain part of the agency's $1.1 billion a year in discretionary mass transit grants. "Obviously it's helpful if you can pick up the phone and say, 'What's going on?' " says D'Amato. Richard Nasti has since left his UMTA position so he can, as D'Amato notes, do "something else for me in the private sector." Nasti is currently directing D'Amato's Senate reelection campaign.

Officials of New York's Mass Transit Authority (MTA) and Buffalo's transit authority were told by D'Amato that if they wanted "to deal with me" they would have to first hire a former D'Amato staff member named Dennis Viera as their Washington lobbyist. D'Amato denies this. He says such allegations are merely the result of the MTA's resentment of his embarrassing probe of huge cost overruns on a New York subway tunnel project. "It was like I was talking about fairyland," D'Amato says of the MTA's reaction to his probe. "And the fact of the matter is that [the tunnel] was an absolute disgrace. And after we did what we did, they said *maybe* we have a problem. Maybe, my foot."

Contrary to D'Amato's claims, MTA officials were reluctant to discuss the senator's demand that they hire Viera as their lobbyist. One MTA official grudgingly confirmed the account. He then asked me not to publish anything about it: "He [D'Amato] has been helpful to us. He's helped us get tens of millions of dollars in grants we wouldn't have ordinarily seen and fought for us on the Hill. If this gets out, he might get quite angry, and not see a need to be helpful anymore. If you want to be personally responsible for wrecking New York's subway system, publish your story."

D'AMATO uses the same skill he deploys on behalf of constituents in building his own campaign fund. He is chairman of an obscure Senate subcommittee that oversees the securities industry. Campaign finance records show that from 1982 to the middle of 1985 D'Amato received at least $250,000 from individuals and political action committees associated with the industry. D'Amato denies that he shows any favoritism toward the industry. But Arthur Levitt, president of the American Stock Exchange (and once considered a possible Democratic challenger to D'Amato), has hailed him for doing "more for the securities industry than any other senator in the history of New York."

D'Amato successfully opposed legislation that for the first time would have allowed banks to issue revenue bonds and mortgage-backed securities. The measure would have ended the brokerage monopolies in these areas and cost them tens of millions of dollars. In 1985 D'Amato also opposed a bill sponsored by Senator William Proxmire that would have imposed new restrictions and regulations on junk bonds that are used in corporate takeovers. Drexel, Burnham, Lambert, one of the biggest promoters of junk bonds, gave D'Amato's reelection campaign $38,000 on May 30 and 31, 1985, around the same time D'Amato was considering takeover legislation.

It is the end of a long day, and the senator is wrapping up our interview. "Let's turn off this thing," D'Amato says, pointing to my tape recorder. "Sheesus Christ, kid, I can't believe that story you did on Arlen [Specter]. If you ever wrote something like that about me, I'd come looking for you with a baseball bat. And if I'm not reelected, I'll just be another guy from Long Island. I won't think twice about coming looking for you. So if you write somethin' I don't like, you better hope I stay in the Senate for another 30 years." He is only joking—at least so I hope. D'Amato says to an aide, "Am I serious, Mikey? . . . Am I telling the kid a story?" He turns to another aide. "Am I serious, Brucie?"

Alfonse D'Amato likes to compare himself to Harry Truman. Truman rose above his roots with the Pendergast machine of Kansas City and he became a statesman. Alfonse D'Amato, on the other hand, took to Washington the skills he learned as a machine disciple, refined them, and put them to use at a higher level. □

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STANLEY KAUFFMANN ON FILMS

Private Lives

Further proof of Harold Pinter's quality as a screenwriter is that the man who did the wondrous adaptation of Proust has now done a splendid adaptation of *Turtle Diary* by Russell Hoban. Hoban is not quite as difficult as Proust, but he is plentifully difficult as Hoban. His novel is a wry, perceptive, tickling piece of work, without a wasted word but with a sense of fullness, written in chapters that alternate between the points of view of the two leading characters. Pinter has made fools once again of those who think that film can't deal with interior states. He has held strictly to Hoban's schema, alternating between those two points of view—except for neutral shots of city streets and landscapes—and has used only one subjective cinematic device, a dream. Otherwise, he has simply kept the film with one or the other character, in their separate lives and in the mingling of their lives for a time, like two roads that overlap for some miles before they resume their separate ways.

Turtle Diary
(Samuel Goldwyn)

Neaera Duncan is a successful London author of children's books, around 40. (Hoban gives her last initial as H. I don't know why Pinter ignored this and called her Duncan; at least he retained the lovely first name from "Lycidas.") She lives alone in an apartment where she keeps a water beetle in a tank—she writes about animals of various kinds—and frequently visits the aquarium to see the sea turtles. Soon she becomes obsessed with the idea of freeing them, of returning them to the sea. William Snow (again, inexplicably changed from William G. in the book) is a clerk in a bookshop, about Neaera's age, who was once married and now lives alone in a boardinghouse. He, too, frequently visits the aquarium to see the sea turtles, and he, too, becomes obsessed with the idea of returning them to the sea. Gradually Neaera and William become aware of each other's existence and of their mutual secret wish. They join forces, and with the surprising, immediate help of the head keeper, they bring it off.

The novel has considerable dialogue, all good, but not enough for a film. Pinter's additions reveal one reason why he was interested in the book: they sound like Hoban at the same time that they keep the Pinter tone. For the screen, the novel needed both pruning and expansion, of course, always with the intent of rendering the original truly in another medium. To strengthen the transmutation, Pinter made some alterations in secondary characters. One of William's fellow boarders was changed from an elderly wisp into a somewhat younger woman. Neaera's neighbor, originally an old actor, has been changed into a man who travels a good deal ("Paris, Vienna, that sort of thing") on unexplained business. To read Hoban's novel is to know how difficult it must have seemed to film, so credit goes first to the producers who decided to do it anyway. They are United British Artists, whose board includes Richard Johnson, who plays the traveler; Glenda Jackson, who plays Neaera; and Pinter. Second, credit goes to them for giving it to Pinter. Of course he may have proposed the book himself, in which case I've simply got the order of credits wrong.

The story is exceptionally subtle because, though it seems patently symbolic, it is not in fact symbolic at all. In lesser hands, it would be the account of two repressed people who join in a daring act of liberation, thus liberate themselves, and join lives in their new freedom. But these two don't join: they develop other amorous interests. The turtles' liberation is an action in and of itself. It does seem to spark William to stand up physically to another boarder in his house, a man who has been irritating him; and it does bring Neaera to a man (not William) she would otherwise never have met, with whom she has an affair. But the real point of the story is that the courses of the two lives are largely unchanged. Both of them know that they have done what they wanted to do. That pleasure becomes part of their privacies, not a reason for change, and their lives continue as before, privately. The drama lies in their refusal to take their unorthodox action as a mandate for change, to become "better" or "more free." They are, in a sense, too proud.

At the end they are standing in front of the aquarium. They know that baby sea turtles will be put in the tank and, in about 20 years, will be ready for liberation. Neaera and William decide, with a smile, to meet again in 20 years to do it. "Cheerio, then." "Cheerio." They part. My one quarrel with the film is that it doesn't end right there, with a view of the aquarium's front door. Instead the camera lifts to follow William walking away, then pans up to show London in the distance, then the sky, and then there's a last shot of the liberated turtles swimming in the sea. All superfluous underlining, I think. The abrupt ending would itself have been a full

FILMS WORTH SEEING

Power. Conventional glitz, well polished by Sidney Lumet. A political media consultant, his hustlings and his women. No one could have given it depth, but a star stronger than Richard Gere would have made it even more entertaining. (Reviewed 3/3/86)

Ran. Akira Kurosawa's version of *King Lear* (the title is Japanese for "chaos") is not a tragedy, but it is a powerful display of some of a master's mastery. (1/6&13/86)

Shoah. Hebrew for "holocaust." Claude Lanzmann's nine-and-a-half-hour documentary, shown in two parts, is a work unequaled in film history. A monument of testimony by survivors, witnesses, and participants, it fixes the Final Solution in the mind and memory with a presence that no printed text, however fine, could provide. (Every foot of film was shot after 1976; there is no archival footage.) It is a work that no civilized person will want to miss or will be able to forget. (10/28/85)

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enough closure, more in the film's vein.

Turtle Diary reminded me yet again of how difficult it is to be a Pinter character. I don't mean to be an actor playing a Pinter character, I mean to be the person himself or herself. I know that it's critically démodé to think of a character as a being separable from the work, but Pinter presses it on us. These people, not unlike Hoban's originals but even more like many previous Pinter people, operate their lives through systems of reticence, precision, silence, and sudden rapier flashes, all supported by a lack of worry about mortality, as if they know that they have other lives to come if this one doesn't quite work out. It takes a certain courage, as well as style, to live that way, which they seem to acknowledge quietly as they just get on with it.

The film has exactly the cast it needs. A lapidary script has been given a company of actor-jewelers. Glenda Jackson again demonstrates her range. Remember her quick, mod comic work in *A Touch of Class* and her deeply moving Stevie in the film of that name, and you get even more pleasure out of her perfection here as the controlled yet secretly busy Neaera. If you saw Ben Kingsley in *Betrayal*, you have a good idea of what he does with William except that here his aplomb has no worldly success to support it and he has sudden flashes of physical anger that he endows with contradictory coolness. Michael Gambon, a leading member of the National Theater in London who is little known in this country, is an actor of resource and definition. He gives the head keeper an extensive previous life completely by implication. If I have a quibble with the cast, it is about the use of Jeroen Krabbe, the Dutch actor, as the bothersome boarder. He's perfectly competent, but he has some physical resemblance to Gambon. A different actor would have better varied the orchestration.

I've seen only one previous theater film by the director, John Irvin—*The Dogs of War*—which was a calamity, but before that he did a skillful job with the BBC-TV serial of Le Carré's *Tinker, Tailor, Soldier, Spy*. Here Irvin handles the Pinter script with exactly the right mix of astringency and richness. I don't know whether or not Pinter has a hand in the direction of the films he writes, but I note that some directors seem to be at their best with his work, Peter Hall with *The Homecoming*, David Jones with *Betrayal*, and now Irvin.

One sequence illustrates how well Irvin responds to Pinter, a sequence that Pinter added to the original. When Neaera and William start from London for the sea with the turtles in the back of their rented van, the keeper tells them that they must slosh the turtles down with water every three hours or so. They have no bucket in the van, so they stop at a filling station. The attendant lends William a bucket and stares as the two liberators do mysterious things with buckets of water in the back of the van. Then they return the bucket to the puzzled but silent attendant. It is quintessential Pinter comedy, almost in parody: how a simple action can take on mystery when the "because" is missing—what Beckett calls the "explicitation." No wonder that Beckett's photograph is prominent in the bookshop where William works.

MARK STEVENS ON ART

The Trend in Torment

Do the neo-expressionists suffer? They are given to crude drawings, lurid color, distorted figures, and sexually charged imagery. But their art, unlike earlier expressionism, does not have the unmistakable look of pain. They do not render the psychosexual torment of a Schiele, whose scabrous figures twist in upon themselves like worms upon a hook; or the social agony of a Grosz, who portrayed a society that turned people into pigs; or the existential anguish of a Pollock, for whom pain often seemed a way to reach an exalted other state. If the neo-expressionists are not hurting, seriously hurting, then what leads them to use expressionist ideas?

Cynics have a short answer: money and fashion. The best-known neo-expressionists make a fortune; rich collectors, in buying their work, probably feel they are participating in the misery of the world. Michael Brenson of the *New York Times* recently suggested the power of fashion when he wrote that, having been "saturated" with neo-expressionism, the art world was now searching for a new look: "Neo-expressionism occupied center stage for about five years. Given the speed with which the art world moves now, that is a respectable period of time." A depressing thought. Yet I think the style has a peculiar fascination, which stems from what might be called its oxymoronic aesthetics: its cool frenzy, its studied savagery, its comfortable pain. Despite all the bad work, a few artists working in this vein have made some memorable images. These images, while not of the first rank, are a telling portrait of Western culture.

Four Italians ably illustrate the dynamics of contemporary neo-expressionism. In the last five years, Francesco Clemente, Sandro Chia, Enzo Cucchi, and Mimmo Paladino, all in their thirties, have enjoyed a brilliant success. Their success rests to a considerable extent on a social paradox. However wild, unsuccessful, radical, or misunderstood a young artist may be, he is now a cultural insider; universities, the press, museums, government, foundations—and most important, discotheques—treat him respectfully. Yet this same young artist typically regards himself as an outsider. Or wants to, for he is steeped in a modernist ethos that positions the artist heroically above and apart from a corrupt society. This inside/outside perspective is part of the slow melt of modernism into mainstream culture. What was edge is now center.

To stand both inside and outside is no easy trick. In fact, a trick is what it takes. An artist today will often perform the role of outsider. He will act out established modernist roles on the canvas—become an impresario of modernist effects. As such, he will heighten, abuse, squeeze—to press some last value from ideas that, during the course of modernism, have already been pressed again and again. The most obvious example is exaggerated technique. Sandro Chia turns the whipping stroke and heated color of expressionism into stylish bravura. Francesco Clemente, in a picture called "The Battle of the Paintings," uses line that was never rougher and color that was never more screeching.

If his social position is paradoxical, a young artist's relation to the history of art is uneasy. During the heyday of minimal and conceptual art in the 1960s and 1970s, when the Italian neo-expressionists

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Mark Stevens, who writes on art for *Newsweek*, begins a column for TNR this week.

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started out, artists still believed in the progress of modernism. They did not, of course, think art improves; but there was a line of major modernist achievement, a kind of holy thread, that joined generations. It was the job of a serious young artist to discern, then pick up, this thread. In doing so he understood the true contribution of his predecessors; and, in refusing to copy their achievement, he refined, challenged, and consolidated what he had inherited. Others followed in turn.

In the 1970s, the thread was dropped. However much the minimalists found to say about nothing, they did not leave behind a valuable inheritance. You can't do much with an elegant zero. Without a sense of direction, without an ordering faith in the progress of art, their successors in the 1980s have become nomadic in spirit; and none more so than the neo-expressionists. They not only wander from place to place, looking for inspiration—Clemente lives in Madras, Rome, and New York, and many young artists are forever flying here and there—but throughout the past. They rummage through history less to find support for present conviction, as the modernists did, than to find souvenirs.

SPES BY FRANCESCO CLEMENTE, 1982, PRIVATE COLLECTION, THE NETHERLANDS

The visual turmoil of neo-expressionism reflects this confusion of sources more than any personal trauma. Consider the jostling mix of references to myth, fantasy, and erotic obsession in the work of both Clemente and Chia. Clemente's art (which varies in size from huge, gashing oils to small watercolors full of whispery blurs) is particularly taken with India, with its swarming transformations and feel for the erotic interchange between life and spirit. In Clemente's art something is always changing into something else. A figure may have several heads; or a head may peek out from eyes, mouth, nostrils, ears. The artist, who doubtless admires the robust physicality of Indian art, has even hired Indian artisans to paint miniatures according to his design. In one, a squatting little man shits an egg.

The classical past, however, is the main repository for the Italian neo-expressionists. If countless artists since the Renaissance have tried to rephrase classicism in an effort to reawaken an ideal of order, if still others have made of classical ruins an occasion for melancholy or romance, then the neo-expressionists use the classical as scraps. The kind of scraps one finds in Rome, for example, where the leftovers of an ancient temple are surrounded by the furious indifference of the modern city.

One may play with, dream over, and prettify these scraps. One may also mock and defigure. According to Michael Auping, who organized the current exhibit of Clemente's work for the Ringling Museum of Art in Florida (the traveling show is now leaving Minneapolis), Clemente has a taste for the late antique writers, who lived amid the decay of classicism. He particularly admires Petronius and Apuleius, whose "The Golden Ass" mixes mythology, Christianity, and witchcraft; humans are also regularly transformed into animals. He shares with such writers a joyful appreciation of the craziness that can occur in the shadow of the temple. In one Clemente fresco, several putti, who evoke both the Renaissance and earlier Pompeian frescoes, playfully dismember the artist. Clemente's twitching line, like the elegant scratches of the painter Cy Twombly, has the energy of defacement, the jolting power of dirty graffiti on a classical temple.

Chia inflates classical scraps into a vast spectacle—much like the staging of *Aida* in the Baths of Caracalla. His padded figures, a cross between Picasso's classical figures and the Michelin tire man, are operatically enlarged. Primal nature, uninhibited carnality, pastoral joy, and campy quotation from art history are some of his themes. (Four lush murals of Chia's have just gone on display in the new Equitable Building in New York.) There's no lack of fat in the feeling. His work has none of the Wagnerian grandeur of, for example, the German neo-expressionist Anselm Kiefer.

In his painting "Aroused Shepherd Boy," an imposing classical building is set against a threatening sky. Far below, and in the foreground, is the aroused shepherd; he is sheltered by rocks and bathed in a paint-storm of radiant yellows and reds. As Howard Fox has suggested in his catalog for a Hirshhorn exhibit of recent Italian painting, the palazzo may confer "its impassive Olympian authority on this eternal, earthy comedy." Or Chia may intend to contrast the pretentious works of man with the joys of a more natural life. Hoary themes, to be sure. Yet the particular blend of pompous classicism, pastoral innocence, and erotic joy has a contemporary flavor.

Not least because it's also perverse. Is the shepherd aroused by the sheep? Like

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their namesakes, the neo-expressionists cherish the perverse; only more so. Earlier expressionists emphasized the costs of the perverse. In Bosch, perversity warns of hell. In Schiele, it's the stigmata of loneliness. In the surrealists, it evokes the backstairs threat/thrill of the illicit. Chia's perversity is friendly. It has a vulgar charm (one padded Chia figure farts a symphony of paint) and even, as in the aroused shepherd, a kind of sweetness. In Clemente's art, where no orifice is ever safe or lonely, the perverse is a mark of childish pride. It's a way to devour and be devoured, to grow bigger by combining with everything—a way to please the greedy sucking self.

CLEMENTE DRAWS upon what is probably the richest vein in traditional expressionism: the relentless obsession with self. His face—dark, full-lipped, androgynous, with some hollowness in the cheek and eye—stares out from painting after painting. He does not analyze his face, as Rembrandt did, to make apparent the retiring shadows of the soul. The face is a surface; the pose is that of an existential dandy. It resembles the face assumed by European writers of mid-century, who, with the Gauloise hanging from the lip, stared moodily into the camera.

Clemente has said, "I'm interested in an art that has no scale." He is particularly against scaling down himself. To Clemente's admirers, this ceaseless notation of the self, this dream doodling on any and every thing, is a kind of philosophical reflection. And so it is, but the big subjects he addresses—the universal myths of Hinduism and classical culture, the erotic yearnings of the imagination—are here reduced to the role of chorus in relation to the artist. So expansive is the me-myself-and-I narcissism that Clemente's use of space often seems hugely indefinite, as if the universe itself were invoked.

A self without scale loses its focus. In Clemente's painting there is often a compelling looseness; edges soften, forms dissolve, boundaries blur. Some of his best work is in the softer mediums, like watercolor and pastel, where he can violate forms through seduction rather than screaming color. Any indeterminacy of the self in Clemente, of course, is fundamentally different from that found in a religion like Hinduism, where the goal is to yield oneself spiritually. Clemente's art announces, "The universe is part of me," not "I am part of the universe."

All four Italians, but particularly Mimmo Paladino and Enzo Cucchi, have also given a sharp twist to the traditional expressionist yearning for the primitive and the transcendent. What makes Paladino and Cucchi different from their predecessors, what makes them "neo," is how hard they try. In Paladino's art, a hieratic order seems to prevail, though the nature of the religion is obscure. His painting and sculpture draw upon, among other sources, the non-Classical Mediterranean cultures—Cycladic sculpture, the cave paintings, and Byzantine art. He uses obvious symbols, such as a fish or a cross, and his shallow space is reminiscent of both icons and the faceted space of cubism. In some pictures, long wavy lines, evocative of wind and branches and hair, seem to bind and almost smother his roughly drawn figures.

PALADINO'S color owes something to medieval art; it has the spiritual blush of stained glass and Byzantine mosaics. Often his work, like Chia's, seems concerned not merely with heightened states of feeling but with exaltation. This traditional ambition of hair shirt expressionists—to find a passage, guided by the uncivilized or the painful, to a state of transcendence—has been pursued most single-mindedly by Cucchi. Of all the neo-expressionists, Cucchi, who will have a show at the Guggenheim this spring, seems the most direct. He is in earnest. His palette tends toward red and black, and he uses so much paint the brush often leaves canyons in the surface. The brush stroke itself ripples, giving the work the otherworldly shiver of a heat mirage. In "The Flourishing of the Black Roosters," red and black roosters rising like fire up a tree stump stand out against a cloud-riven sky. The desolate landscape is littered with skulls.

Yet apocalyptic ideas, expressed this way, now seem almost routine; so Cucchi has pushed them as far as possible. The extremity of his means—the paint could hardly be thicker, the landscape more desolate, the twisting lines more passionate, the symbols more pregnant—has a belabored quality that is particularly contemporary. Apocalyptic visions are a kind of gift; they must appear "given," and convince with a certain unforced grace. Even the best mystics have trouble today.

Popular culture obviously reinforces the values of neo-expressionism. The drive toward great size, the whipping of substance into style, the ballooning of

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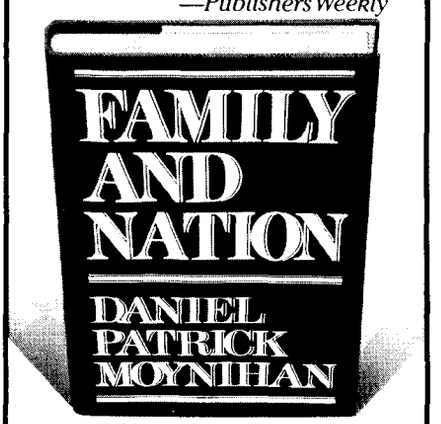

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narcissism are hardly confined to painting. High culture also reinforces neo-expressionism. The belief that life is style, just style, is common. Moreover, few intellectuals have vigorous ideas about how to organize the fragments inherited from the past. Many, not surprisingly, have come to cherish a kind of pregnant obscurity. If some great modernists were also obscure, if they too scrambled imagery mysteriously, they nonetheless left the impression that their meaning could be reassembled. Today one is left to dream among the pieces.

Each of the Italians seems consummately true to the moment—and to Italy itself, perhaps, which is composed of so many beautifully eroded fragments. Being true to the moment, however, is hardly enough in art. Neo-expressionism looks childish when compared to past achievement; indeed, there is a certain kind of art whose minor stature is expressed most perfectly by its vast size. The neo-expressionist "appropriation" of the past displays, on the one hand, the braggadocio of the smart boy in class and, on the other, the violence of the insecure adolescent—hey, let's go goose some big old boring idea! The exaggeration of effects, a kind of tantrum among toys, is a way to gain attention while distracting the eye from what is empty and weak. The interest in apocalypse, in turn, represents a kind of displaced hope—hope for serious feeling, passion, an escape from triviality. A twilight hangs over these painters, a sense of wanting to be new but only being neo—or neon.

Clemente has said he wants an "iconography without necessity." What distinguished earlier expressionism, of course, was precisely an iconography with necessity. Those artists used stylized effects—masks, for example—to reveal the objective truth of inner experience. The Italians are not very interested in reaching behind style. Clemente, in fondly describing the late antique period, says "there was a kind of world culture. The world was at the same time one and totally split in a thousand different possibilities. You could find Egyptian people painting Greek pictures, Greeks singing Latin songs, and Latins praying to Eastern gods." In any period translations have their own honor, their own poetry. But I prefer the originals.

Feminism's agenda in literary studies.

A Criticism Of One's Own

By Denis Donoghue

I HAVE BEEN reading a good deal of feminist criticism and scholarship. Not all of it—I am sure to have missed many books and essays I should have read. But I have made an attempt to see what has been happening in feminist criticism since 1970, when Kate Millett's *Sexual Politics*, the book usually taken as having started the feminist field by provoking sentiments and passions in its favor, was published. The main problem I have encountered is not the multiplicity of books and essays in the field. That is merely a quantitative matter, endemic in every area of scholarship: Who can keep up with anything these days? The difficulty, rather, is to determine what the present context of feeling is.

The Annual Report for 1984 of the American Literature Section of the Modern Language Association, for instance—but is it an "instance," and of what?—includes Annette Kolodny's claim that "in the wake of all the new information about the literary production of women, Blacks, Native Americans, ethnic minorities, and gays and lesbians; and with new ways of analyzing popular fiction, non-canonical genres, and working-class writings, all prior literary histories are rendered partial, inadequate, and obsolete." In the same report, compiled by Donald Yannella, Professor Marianne DeKoven evidently holds "that women have the same claim as men to having 'invented' modernism in America," and cites as evidence three fictions by women: Charlotte Perkins Gilman's "The Yellow Wallpaper" (1891), Kate Chopin's *The Awakening* (1899), and Gertrude Stein's *Three Lives* (1903-6). She also claims that there is "an official version of modernism," as in Hugh Kenner's *A Homemade World*, which defines it (these are DeKoven's words, not Kenner's) as "a revolted flight, by means of the 'fabulously artificed,' Dedalian wings of male technology, from the primary horror of female (pro)creativity." I'm not sure whether these sentiments, which seem wild to me, accurately indicate the context of feminist criticism or some bizarre hyperbole; a real fury in the words, or willed turbulence worked up for the occasion.

But there are some tangible episodes, one of which is especially significant. On April 28, 1985, the novelist Gail Godwin reviewed the new *Norton Anthology of Literature by Women* for the *New York Times Book Review*. Her account of the book was quietly severe. She disapproved of the editors' "stated desire to document and connect female literary experience rather than present a showcase of the most distinguished writing by women in English from Julian of Norwich in the 14th century to the present day." The *Norton Anthology*, she maintained, forced "the individual female talent to lie on the Procrustean fainting-couch of a 'dis-eased' tradition."

Godwin's review angered several well-known feminist critics, including Elaine Showalter, Alicia Ostriker, Carolyn Heilbrun, Nina Auerbach, Myra Jehlen, Nancy K. Miller, and Catharine R. Stimpson. They accused her of denying "the existence of a female literary tradition" (Ostriker). In her reply, Godwin went a step further than her review: she "mourned the authors who were slighted in the *Anthology* by having their most trivial or least representative works selected because these works helped the editors establish a sisterhood of themes and images they felt ran through most women's writing."

IT WAS an interesting moment of telegrams and anger, but the critical issue was not well defined. Godwin made it clear that she wanted to see in a *Norton Anthology of Literature by Women* an ample selection of the best writing in English by women writers, to demonstrate once if not for all that women have written well and continue to write well. The criteria she silently appealed to were those generally accepted in literary criticism; criteria by which it is agreed, for instance, that Yeats's "Among School

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Children" is a much better poem than his "The Lake Isle of Innisfree." But she failed to make clear that the criteria adopted by the Norton editors in this anthology are not critical at all. They are political and sociological. The literary merit of the items chosen is not a major consideration for the editors. They are concerned to document the range of experience—and the resultant constraints and anxieties—peculiar to women. George Eliot's minor poem "Brother and Sister" was chosen because "it explores the same sibling relationship she had placed at the center of her semi-autobiographical *The Mill on the Floss*." It is evident that "explores" in that sentence suppresses every critical or qualitative consideration; it sets aside the questions of crucial concern to literary criticism in favor of documentary value and thematic relevance.

The Norton Anthology of Literature by Women: The Tradition in English edited by Sandra M. Gilbert and Susan Gubar (W. W. Norton, 2,457 pp., $28.95)

Romantic Imprisonment: Women and Other Glorified Outcasts by Nina Auerbach (Columbia University Press, 315 pp., $25)

Disorderly Conduct: Visions of Gender in Victorian America by Carroll Smith-Rosenberg (Knopf, 400 pp., $19.95)

The New Feminist Criticism: Essays on Women, Literature, and Theory edited by Elaine Showalter (Pantheon, 403 pp., $22.95, $13.95 paper)

If literary criticism were to have its way, *The Norton Anthology of Literature by Women* would be a textbook in sociology rather than in literature. But literary criticism has so often failed to define its way, so often failed to know what its way is, that one more failure won't amount to a scandal. It is common practice for courses in literature to roam into considerations of history, nationality, theology, and indeed sociology. Courses on "the English Novel" are rarely confined to a strict account of forms and genres. But teachers keep their consciences reasonably clear by choosing the best novels; or at least the novels that seem to be the best, according to the criteria of critical discrimination. True, these criteria are rarely defined, and teachers often rely upon a conventional or habitual notion of their deliverances. I suppose most teachers have a general sense of critical discrimination, like a passport; they don't carry it around, but they could produce it if they had to.

But the distinctive mark of the *Norton Anthology* is that it does not even pretend to select its material according to the criteria of literary criticism. Just as historians and sociologists choose their documents without reference to literary merit, the Norton editors have assembled documentary evidence to support a case against men—or against the world. The fact that some of the items chosen are also works of literary merit is a coincidence, however congenial. The *Anthology* would make a good textbook in a course in sociology called "Women and Their Fate." It is flagrantly misleading as a selection of literature by women.

IT IS my understanding that feminist criticism has two agendas. The first is the larger one: it can be found in Jacques Derrida's several polemics culminating in his *Éperons: Les Styles de Nietzsche*; in Luce Irigaray's *Speculum de l'autre femme* (1974) and *Ce Sexe qui n'en est pas un* (1977); and nearer home, in the Derridean essays by Gayatri Chakravorty Spivak and other critics. The agenda says that there is no discourse but masculine discourse, that women are trapped in a syntax that is phallocratic and phallogocentric. As a result, women are condemned either to adopt the masculine discourse that leaves them essentially unexpressed, or to engage in a masquerade by which they mime the masculine syntax and take upon themselves, speciously of course, the signs of presence and power. It is the fate of women, therefore, to gratify their masters. The paradigm of this fate is the faked orgasm.

I allude to this agenda so far as I can understand it. Many feminists would claim that by physiological definition I can't understand it. So I quote a passage from *Ce Sexe qui n'en est pas un* to let Irigaray speak in her own words, though it is crucial to the agenda that no woman has her own words. I give the passage in English, but the French is to me just as opaque:

> I am a woman. I am a being sexualized as feminine. I am sexualized female. The motivation of my work lies in the impossibility of articulating such a statement; in the fact that its utterance is in some way senseless, inappropriate, indecent. Either because *woman* is never the attribute of the verb *to be* nor *sexualized female* a quality of

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being, or because *am a woman* is not predicated of *I*, or because *I am sexualized* excludes the feminine gender. In other words, the articulation of the reality of my sex is impossible in discourse, and for a structural, eidetic reason. My sex is removed, at least as the property of a subject, from the predicative mechanism that assures discursive coherence. I can thus speak intelligently as sexualized male (whether I recognize this or not) or as asexualized. Otherwise, I shall succumb to the illogicality that is proverbially attributed to women. All the statements I make are thus either borrowed from a model that leaves my sex aside . . . or else my utterances are unintelligible according to the code in force.

Now, virtually every modern writer has claimed that the words available to him or to her are somehow wrong. It could be argued that Irigaray has said what she wants to say not only in words but "in other words." Or that men don't feel themselves released from what T. S. Eliot called "the intolerable wrestle with words." But even if we grant—who are the "we" who grant?—that Irigaray's complaint is valid, it is not clear what the same "we" can do to satisfy it, or even to mitigate it. The agenda amounts to an imputation of Original Sin, except that the official Original Sin was ascribed to the whole human race and this one is confined to men.

The charge is so omnivorous, moreover, that no particular man need feel intimidated by it. It reminds me of Hannah Arendt's account of "the banality of evil," an accusation so grand that it left every individual free to go about his or her business. Am I really guilty of the allegedly phallogocentric enforcement of meaning in discourse? When did I commit the crime? Besides, if a new discourse were to be devised, vaginacentric rather than phallogocentric, a "fault" would remain, wouldn't it? And presumably the whole revisionist process would have to be undertaken again, this time in favor of men. (To be fair to Derrida, he wouldn't want a mere change of center, the Mother displacing the Father; he wants to dislodge every center by an endless play of signifiers.)

SO WHAT is to be done to placate Irigaray? The gestures that several critics have made seem to me further examples of patronage. If Jonathan Culler, Terry Eagleton, and Fredric Jameson refer to the reader as "she" rather than the conventional "he," what purpose is served? I have no answer. I have read several essays that argue that women should keep to their own company, pursuing the possibilities of sisterhood and planning eventually to make a separatist difference. But I don't know the status of this suggestion in feminist rhetoric as a whole.

It may be the case that the first agenda is strictly women's work, and that the best a man can do is keep out of their way. Irigaray is determined to ensure that speech about women is not to be taken as "a recuperation of the feminine within a logic that maintains it in repression, censorship, nonrecognition." I'm not sure what she means, unless she thinks that this recuperation would only be yet another instance of repressive tolerance (Marcuse's phrase), the strategy by which a man's world expands to make room for women and merrily proceeds upon its powerful way. To prevent this from happening, Irigaray proposes, as she says, to jam the theoretical machinery. Instead of trying to construct a logic of the feminine that would still take the "ontotheologic" of masculine discourse as its model, she would aim to disrupt every discourse.

I assume she sees her work as the Luddite phase of feminism. But she also sees herself, more conventionally, as revising Freud's phallocratic psychoanalysis, a job already in the hands of Karen Horney, Melanie Klein, Marie Bonaparte, and other critics. In America the most "reasonable" place for such revisionists is in Deconstruction, which undertakes to reveal discourse as sovereign predicate of the Father. Presumably this project satisfies not only women who resent phallogocentric power, but men who profess to be ashamed of possessing it. The fact that the project seems to me largely specious, and indeed "in bad faith," is an old quarrel by now.

THE second agenda of feminist criticism is smaller, and far more tangible. Women want a bigger slice of the cake, but not a transfigured cake. In practice, this entails readier access to publishers, fellowships, and grants; affirmative action in their favor in the professions; more space and time at the M.L.A. conventions; steadier promotion in the universities; more magazines devoted to feminist issues; women's studies in the curriculum of universities and colleges. The demands on this agenda are now, I gather, universally accepted. They have been implicit in feminist sentiment since Mary Wollstonecraft's *A Vindication of the Rights of Women* (1792) and Margaret Fuller's *Women in the Nineteenth Century* (1855), their motto Fuller's: "Let them be sea-captains, if you will." Or rather: "if they will."

IMMENSE progress has been made on the second agenda. There are dozens of magazines given over entirely to women. Columbia University Press has announced the publication of a new series of books on "gender and culture." The editors are Carolyn Heilbrun and Nancy K. Miller, and the first batch includes Nina Auerbach's *Romantic Imprisonment* and Naomi Schor's *Breaking the Chain: Women, Theory, and French Realist Fiction*. Discourse may still be as Irigaray describes it, but it has not reduced women to silence or to forms of expression that are self-evidently frustrating.

The most obvious merit of feminist criticism is that it has drawn attention to writers and writings that have been neglected. The *Norton Anthology* prints, complete, Chopin's *The Awakening*, Toni Morrison's *The Bluest Eye*, and (hardly a neglected work) *Jane Eyre*. Other feminist essays make strong cases for Rebecca Harding Davis's *Life in the Iron Mills* and Alice James's *Diary*. (It wouldn't worry me, by the way, if I were asked to pay just as much attention to Alice's diary as to her brother Henry's *Notes of a Son and Brother*.)

But the question of literary merit, as distinct from sociological interest, is rarely raised by feminist critics. When it is, the argument is desperate. We are to believe that literary criteria are incorrigibly man-made values, and are compromised by the power they enforce. Lillian S. Robinson at least faces the issue of merit and value in one of the best essays in *The New Feminist Criticism*:

> Is the canon and hence the syllabus based on it to be regarded as the compendium of excellence or as the record of cultural history? For there comes a point when the proponent of making the canon recognize the achievement of both sexes has to put up or shut up; either a given woman writer is good enough to replace some male writer on the prescribed reading list or she is not. If she is not, then either she should replace him anyway, in the name of telling the truth about the culture, or she should not, in the (unexamined) name of excellence. . . . It is ironic that in American literature, where attacks on the male tradition have been most bitter and the reclamation of women writers so spectacular, the appeal has still been only to pluralism, gen-

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erosity, and guilt. It is populism with the politics of populism.

The only swipe in that passage is the reference to "the (unexamined) name of excellence." The alternative to pluralism is the examined name of excellence; anything less is disgraceful. As for her last sentence, the appeal she refers to is populism without the name of populism—that is, sociology. But Robinson is right. If a feminist critic wants to dislodge a male writer and install a woman writer in his place in the curriculum, she should make a case for her on literary grounds that she would herself choose and expound; or insist on installing her anyway, as Robinson says, "in the name of telling the truth about the culture." But she should not fudge the issue.

It is also a distinct merit that feminist critics and scholars are compelling attention to forgotten or ignored moments in the past. Carroll Smith-Rosenberg's *Disorderly Conduct* is exemplary in this regard. Its theme is "the nature and the origins of the separate world of nineteenth-century women." Smith-Rosenberg's methods are taken mainly from anthropology (Mary Douglas, Victor Turner) and semiology (Roland Barthes). Her documentary materials are gathered for the light they cast upon mothers and daughters, friendship between women, marriage, menstruation, menopause, the New Woman, androgyny, the New York Female Moral Reform Society, prostitution, women in the Second Great Awakening, the American Medical Association and its attitude toward abortion. I can't imagine that an American historian would have studied these moments and issues with such concentration if a context of feminist criticism were not already available to take account of them.

But the context sometimes produces lurid results. Nina Auerbach could have written her essays on 19th-century fiction and poetry even if an official feminism had never existed. But she would not have pressed or pushed her perceptions if extreme feminist motives had not claimed her allegiance. I don't find anything distinctively feminist in her account of the separation of the sexes in *Dombey and Son*, but this passage from her essay on the Brownings has the feminist ring to it:

> Having survived a poet who made epic claims for herself, Robert Browning perpetuated her voice by turning it into his own; he "married" Elizabeth Barrett one more time when he appropriated her after her death, weaving her declarations into the corrosive fabric of his dramatic monologues. According to Irvine and Honan, she had found from the first something sinister in his ability to read her: "She had been frightened of him at first. She felt he had a power over her, that he could read her thoughts as he might read a newspaper." This initial ability to read Elizabeth ripened into an ability to write her and finally, with love and reverence, to silence her.

I don't find this persuasive. The paradigm seems to have preceded the need of it; it has an air of applied romance. The springs of Browning's poetry are to be sought in his relation to Shelley in particular, and to several other voices offering him a poetic strategy. Elizabeth's voice was one of those, but a minor one. The feminist drama of a man's possession, co-option, and final, loving suppression of a woman seems to have provoked Auerbach into finding it exemplified, however implausibly, in Robert and Elizabeth.

Auerbach also seems to me to claim as distinctively feminist perceptions notions that in fact have long been commonplace. Her essays on Jane Austen, for instance, don't amount to a radical revision of the standard sense of Austen's novels that has been current since D. W. Harding published, many years ago, an essay called "Regulated Hatred," in which he argued that Austen's artistic problem was to find a form and a style that would enable her to settle her account with a society she in great part hated.

"The task of feminist critics," according to Elaine Showalter, "is to find a new language, a new way of reading that can integrate our intelligence and our experience, our reason and our suffering, our skepticism and our vision." The task "should not be confined to women," though she confines it to women in *The New Feminist Criticism*. Studying "woman as reader," she calls for a feminist critique, "a historically grounded inquiry that probes the ideological assumptions of literary phenomena." For "woman as writer," Showalter proposes a "gynocriticism" that concerns itself with "the psychodynamics of female creativity; linguistics and the problem of a female language; the trajectory of the individual or collective female literary career; liter-

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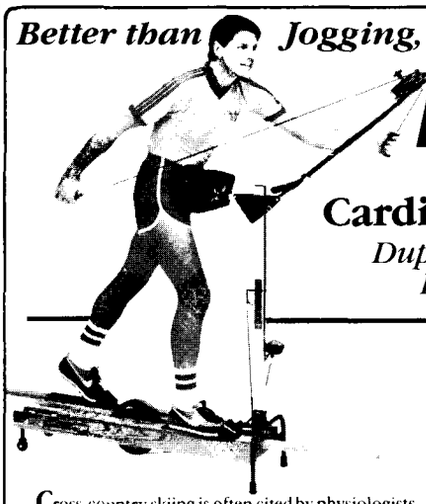

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ary history; and, of course, studies of particular writers and works."

That sounds like a full day's work. In practice, however, feminist critics have much reduced the range of their literary interests. Many of their essays are, so far as critical theory arises, regressive. I have read feminist essays that study the characterization of Emilia in *Othello* as if L. C. Knights had not shown the penury of such questions 50 years ago (in his famous essay "How Many Children Had Lady Macbeth?"). Was Jane Austen opposed to marriage? Did she dislike children? What did she think of motherhood? Did Shakespeare restrict women to a narrow range of emotions? Did Yeats patronize Maud Gonne and other women? These are wretched questions, even if they are excused as marking a primitive stage in the development of a more interesting feminist criticism.

Indeed, feminist criticism at its present stage seems to me to be a libel upon women. The questions it asks are insultingly reductive. The situation is very odd: feminist critics are selling their literature short while promoting it at every turn. Promotion belongs to the history of advertising, but not less to the history (with its drifts and turns) of political sentiment. Where women should beware women—that is, where women writers should refuse the embrace of feminist critics—is in their implication that a woman writer can only transcribe the experience she has been given, and cannot imagine experience other than her own. Feminist critics have matronized their writers; they have set them a list of themes, motifs, and situations amounting to one physiologically ordained predicament, and told them that it is their destiny to annotate it. A woman writer is supposed to be merely an amanuensis of her fate. For her, there is one story and one story only.

SO I was pleased when Brigid Brophy protested, in the *Times Literary Supplement* on July 26, 1985, that many feminist critics forget that there are writers "whose imagination is fired by what they have not experienced, Shakespeares who create *Romeo and Juliet* out of not visiting Verona and *Antony and Cleopatra* out of never setting eyes on the Nile." If feminist critics libel women, they also, in the same reductive spirit, deny the imagination.

Specifically, they deny women the imaginative power that Bakhtin calls "dialogic." His distinction between monologic and dialogic imagination is one of the most valued references in contemporary criticism. The writer with monologic vision insists that every thought gravitates to him as a sign of his power, a power he exerts unremittingly throughout his composition, controlling every ostensibly different point of view. The dialogic vision projects "a plurality of independent and unmerged voices and consciousnesses, a genuine polyphony of fully valid voices." What occurs (Bakhtin takes Dostoyevsky as his example) "is not a multitude of characters and fates in a single objective world, illuminated by a single authorial consciousness; rather a plurality of consciousnesses, with equal rights and each with its own world, combine but are not merged in the unity of the event." It is evident that feminist criticism denies women writers dialogic imagination; it consigns women to their fate, and recognizes them only when they transcribe their fatality.

What now? The smaller agenda is well in hand. Since it presents itself as a matter of politics and sociology, our institutions know how to deal with its demands, reducing the number of telegrams and appeasing the anger. Women's studies are a new area of growth in university departments, and welcome mainly for that reason. At the end of the *Oresteia*, the avenging Furies have been transformed into the benign Eumenides, a change of disposition that authorities can indeed bring about by observing the propriety of discourse. Nothing as fundamental as a change of heart is required. As for Luce Irigaray and the large agenda: I can't see anything happening there. A change of heart wouldn't be enough to effect the transfiguration she demands.

THE HISSING OF SUMMER LAWNS

Toward a Safe and Sane Halloween and Other Tales of Suburbia by William Geist

(Times Books, 275 pp., $16.95)

Crabgrass Frontier: The Suburbanization of the United States by Kenneth T. Jackson

(Oxford University Press, 396 pp., $21.95)

"The drafters of the 1821 free-speech clause may not have envisioned shopping malls," New York Appeals Court Judge Vito J. Titone deadpanned last December. What, indeed, would the small-town lawyers and merchants who drew up New York's constitution have made of Smith Haven Mall, the largest shopping center in Suffolk County—126 stores, fast-food restaurants, and video arcades? Would they have been dazzled by the lush profusion of Big Macs, Whoppers, Kentucky Fried Chicken legs, Taco Bell tortillas, pink Frisbees, inflatable swimming pools, bug zappers, and electric hedge clippers? Would they have suffered claustrophobia in the hermetic dome, made to run the implacable corridors of 20th-century consumerism?

And what would they have thought of Judge Titone's opinion, written for the court majority, which held that shopping malls may refuse to permit political pamphleteering on their premises? By a 5-2 vote, the court held that the freedoms of speech and assembly guaranteed by the state's 1821 constitution protected people only against government action, not restrictions imposed by private property owners such as the Prudential Insurance Company of America, which owns the Smith Haven Mall.

This decision—which the *New York Times* termed "one of the most important free speech rulings in recent years"—followed similar judgments by the United States Supreme Court (with respect to First Amendment protection) and by the Michigan and Connecticut supreme courts (with respect to their state con-

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stitutions). This emerging judicial consensus threatens to transform the sociopolitical landscape of suburbia as significantly as freeways, tract housing, and parking lots have transformed the physical landscape. For if the shopping mall has largely replaced Main Street as the focus of American commerce and entertainment, it is now largely exempt from the traditional liberties that prevailed in that old arena. If few American main streets or town squares ever provided quite the vigorous thrust-and-parry of London's Hyde Park Corner and New York's Union Square, nonetheless they retained until quite recently some shred of that civic function. But the increasing erosion of public space by private enterprise now supplants the free marketplace of ideas with the marketplace of commercially tested notions.

WELL BEFORE this new judicial doctrine had coalesced, William Geist of the *New York Times* spotted the impulse to shut off suburban malls from the strident cacophony of the city. In suburban Hartford, he learned, there was "grave concern" over a group of women who wanted to put up a folding card table in Westfarms Mall to collect signatures on petitions supporting the Equal Rights Amendment. Martin Margulies, the group's attorney, argued that "malls are the place, the only place, to see people in the suburbs anymore." But Peter Hollis, senior vice president of the Taubman Company, which managed Westfarms Mall, told Geist, "We in the industry are quite concerned about a loss of control. The hassle-free environment is the whole basis of shopping mall development."

The "hassle-free environment" is as good a phrase as any for the world that William Geist describes in his book, a collection of columns that he wrote for the *Chicago Tribune* and *New York Times* between 1978 and 1983—a world ever vigilant to prevent the dirt, distress, and disorder, the sheer slatternly dishevelment of urban life, from creeping across the line into its manicured acres. Geist, who developed quite a reputation as an anthropologist of suburbia during his five years on the beat, fell into the specialty quite against his will. Fresh out of journalism school and eager, as he says, "to put public officials—each and every one—behind bars," he was hired by the *Chicago Tribune* and immediately shunted off to its suburban section, a tabloid insert dubbed *Suburban Trib*. This enterprise itself speaks volumes about the influence of suburban values on contemporary journalism.

Confronted by the migration of high-income families from the inner city (the much ballyhooed gentrification of America notwithstanding) and the proliferation of suburban weeklies to serve them, metropolitan dailies have built satellite plants, developed zoned editions, and beefed up their "life-style" sections in a desperate effort to hold the upscale audience so beloved of advertisers. Almost inevitably this has meant a decline in space devoted to the inner city, for the poor and the dispossessed don't buy the Cuisinarts and word processors proffered on the "living" and "home" pages.

And, not surprisingly, when newspapers send young reporters out to the suburbs they aren't encouraged to come back with material offensive to the sensibilities of such valued readers. A gentle chuckle, yes. Also a survey of the bizarre customs prevailing among the Weber Grills and the Barcaloungers. But a searching examination of suburban mores, no; *that* was scarcely in demand on papers acutely aware of metropolitan demographics. To judge from the columns collected here, Geist trod this line with deft discretion. He twits New Jerseyans for their ongoing love affair with the pink plastic flamingo; joshes the Tupperware saleswomen of Glen Ellyn, Illinois; giggles discreetly at the customer from Rockland County who is trying to buy a painting to match her couch; and takes his sport with the women from suburban Chicago who flock to see male strippers at the Sugar Shack.

BUT there is next to nothing here about the systematic exclusion of blacks and other minorities from many suburban neighborhoods. Or about the fierce resistance to low-income housing; the restrictive zoning practices that amount to legislation against "undesirable" classes; the opposition to metropolitan-wide planning; the shoddy performance of many suburban developers; the continued preference for freeways and other projects to aid the motorist over subsidies for mass transportation; the disinclination of most suburbs to participate in the desegregation of urban school districts. In short, Geist studiously avoids the very issues that seem, to this reader at least, to be the very heart of the suburban dilemma. A shrewd observer with a keen eye for telling detail

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and a gift for the nicely turned phrase, Geist is a rising star at the *Times*, where he has lately taken over the "About New York" column. Perhaps that beat will compel him to confront some of the larger and more urgent issues of urban America.

Where Geist shies from the big questions, Kenneth T. Jackson addresses them with stolid determination in *Crabgrass Frontier*. As befits a social historian, Jackson presents detailed accounts of the evolution of urban transportation; real estate "subdivisions"; municipal annexations; federal subsidies and tax policy; the interstate highway system; motels, mobile homes, fast-food restaurants, and drive-in theaters. Much of this material is familiar enough, but some is fresh and pungent. For example, Jackson notes that until well after the Civil War, respectable Americans considered apartment living "sexually racy" because "busybodies could not monitor the comings and goings of visitors when entranceways did not front on the street." It was all right for immigrant laborers to crowd an urban tenement, but not until 1870, when New York's Rutherford Stuyvesant commissioned a grand multi-story building, did apartments become fashionable for upper-income Americans.

Nor have the suburbs always been considered socially desirable. In European cities, Jackson notes, the most fashionable addresses were invariably located within walking distance of the town's center. To live outside the walls, away from the grand palaces and cathedrals, was to be virtually an outcast. That tradition prevailed in 17th- and 18th-century American settlements. Ralph Waldo Emerson referred to "suburbs and outskirts of things." In 1799, the Philadelphia *Aurora* offered this description of the city's suburbs: "Persons who are disposed to visit the environs of this city, and more particularly on a warm day after a rain, are saluted with a great variety of fetid and disgusting smells, which are exhaled from the dead carcases of animals, from stagnant waters, and from every species of filth that can be collected from the city. . . ." Ironically, the first Americans to desert the city for the suburbs were often black urban

THE DISTANCE INTO PLACE

Dolls in gallery along her walls,
she'd broken one so, bending down,
opened a sewing box then knelt,
the needle's eye narrowing her gaze
to fractions in a room where clothes
and broken doll cluttered the floor.

Already forty-three and gray,
she focused on a wilderness
of close particulars, a bird
imagining a cage, her eyes
turned like an animal's caught by
a car's headlights, reflecting blind
and lost inside the light they saw.
Later, the family away at church,
she used a butcher knife to carve
initials in the dining room table.

On Sundays, we drove to Memphis
where each visit I waited in the car,
studying the windows I was told
were hers, my talented aunt,
playing the piano as soon as she
could stand, homely, proud, and silent.
No photograph could get a smile.
The term I heard was that she was
afflicted.
My parents spoke in fragments
as riding home I strained to catch
a phrase that held the syntax to her name.
Those trips made thirty years ago,
we stepped out of our upright cars,
mother and grandmother in hats and gloves,
my father smoking, fedora cocked
ironically and eyes measuring
the distance out ahead as though
he walked into some fixed perspective.

Cold nights the house contracts
to the tightness of its carpenter's
precise intent, leveled and squared
again as if to match his mind.
A car's headlights scroll across the wall
as a figure deepens where curtains bell.
It bends and waves, ushering me
beyond the place it disappears
dark into dark and soft, a thing
coagulate as guilt in memory,
as my aunt, childishly petulant yet old
and fluttering like an antique doll,
a miniature of iced velocities.

Broad day, I kneel to gather scrub
grown up along the barbed-wire fence
that frames our farm. The fields
are frozen hard, resistant as
the locust posts punctuating each fence.
The stream is skimmed with ice and makes
a fixed division of the land.
But night, when I wake to a figure
idling across my wall, dissolving
dark, the surface of that stream
cuts to a slower, colder path.

One name becomes the secret to another,
blue into gray, like rain, and gray
to deeper blue, till all the down-rush
we anticipate, the waking sleep of things,
turns to a clarity like pain.
I see my aunt, alone and still,
her room cluttered with the objects of
intentions neither she nor her doctors knew
because mutation made its own way
through her life, carving its initials
as the code that waits inside a seed,
its rope-like strands curling into thought,
and that thought in turn a distance we contrive.

WYATT PRUNTY

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slaves—both because their residential options were severely limited and because they sought spots far removed from their masters.

Not until 1815 or so did the young nation witness anything that could be called "suburbanization"—the systematic growth of fringe areas at a more rapid pace than the core cities. In part this was due to the development of new modes of transportation—horse cars and trolleys, later railways and buses—which permitted people to live a substantial distance from their workplaces; and in part to a transformation of values, from European urbanity to a distinctively American disdain for the city combined with an idealized view of nature. As the industrial revolution transformed cities into places of noise, filth, and turmoil, Americans came to view the home as "a kind of Edenic retreat, a place of repose where the family could focus inward upon itself"—and increasingly that refuge was in the bucolic pastures beyond the city limits.

TO SOME READERS, Jackson's style may seem lacking in scholarly detachment. For if William Geist writes from inside the suburban experience (he describes himself as a "suburban resident of impeccable credentials—right down to the Japanese stationwagon"), Kenneth Jackson writes as an outsider looking in, with ill-disguised scorn for much of the suburban value system. The suburbanization of America, he contends, has brought a weakened sense of community, "a reduced feeling of concern and responsibility among families for their neighbors and among suburbanites in general for residents of the inner city." Those who have fled tend to "deny responsibility for those who reside a few miles away," leaving "the poor to support the poor."

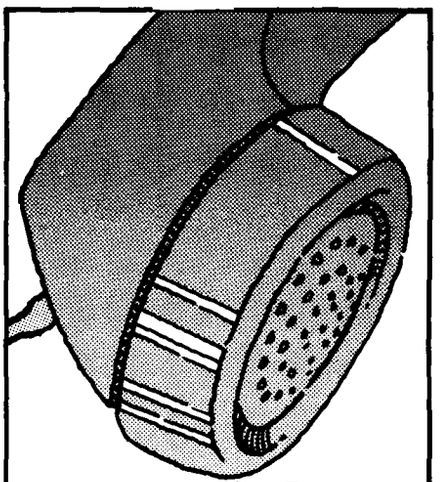
Jackson is equally forthright in addressing what he calls "the overriding significance of race" in America's housing patterns. It is "fear" of those with a different skin color, he says, that has driven many people to seek the suburban sanctuary. And that anxiety has been sanctioned by the federal government, which for decades has "put its seal of approval on ethnic and racial discrimination," encouraging "the practical abandonment of large sections of older, industrial cities." This is a brave indictment of our national housing, highway, and tax policies. So ingrained have such programs become in the conventional political and cultural wisdom that they are scarcely questioned anymore. Jackson's critique should be heard by all who care about the future of urban America.

AT TIMES, his argument may seem a trifle overheated. He is fond of quoting the late Lewis Mumford, who never hesitated to thunder his Olympian disdain for suburban life. When Jackson notes that "elite suburbs are communities encapsulated from the crises of urban capitalism, yet able to benefit and enjoy the system's largesse," he concludes his reproach with Mumford's assertion that the suburb is "an asylum for the preservation of illusion . . . based on a childish view of the world, in which reality was sacrificed to the pleasure principle." And in noting the mounting critique of suburbia as "a cultural, economic and emotional wasteland," he cites Mumford's slashing excoriation of the suburb as

> a multitude of uniform, unidentifiable houses, lined up inflexibly, at uniform distances, on uniform roads, in a treeless communal waste, inhabited by people of the same class, the same income, the same age group, witnessing the same television performances, eating the same tasteless pre-fabricated foods, from the same freezers. . . .

It is particularly disappointing, then, that Jackson fails to grapple fully with suburbia's cultural dimension. He devotes two perfunctory paragraphs to the literature (John Cheever, Peter De Vries, Sloan Wilson) and the television programs ("The Brady Bunch," "Leave It To Beaver," "Life with Riley") that helped frame our portrait of suburban life. Somehow, between the satire and the sentimentality, America froze its authorized tableau of Mom, Dad, the kids and dog in a white colonial with green shutters and a half-acre of neatly trimmed lawn. But surely advertising has lent its subliminal sanction to that picture—all those gleaming Frigidaires, Mixmasters, Tappan Ranges, and Serta Perfect Sleepers nicely filling out the middle distance behind Ozzie and Harriet, David and Rickie. The intricate interplay of social myth and corporate propaganda deserves greater attention than it gets here.

Indeed, Jackson's high seriousness is sometimes less appropriate to the human comedy of suburban life than Geist's fine eye for the absurd. In "Sport Shopping in Suburbia," Geist follows Fran and Jackie, two "world class competitors" in the newest American game: tag-



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team browsing in a suburban mall. "It is said that shopping was once done of necessity," he writes. "Now we go shopping for entertainment, to get out of the house, to see those new things that are making people in the television commercials so remarkably happy, and to mingle with people." No wonder the malls are so intent on keeping the sport shoppers as undistracted as possible, ensuring that they are there primarily in their role as consumers, not as citizens.

J. ANTHONY LUKAS

J. Anthony Lukas's *Common Ground: A Turbulent Decade in the Lives of Three American Families* (Knopf) has won the National Book Critics Circle Award for general nonfiction.

TINKER, TAILOR, WEIRDO, SPY

Her Majesty's Secret Service: The Making of the British Intelligence Community by Christopher Andrew

(Viking/Elisabeth Sifton Books, 604 pp., $25)

Few governmental organizations in this century have possessed the aura of mystery, romance, and daring that has surrounded the British Secret Service. In the public consciousness, the worlds of fact and fiction have blended alluringly. Whitehall's obsession with keeping its intelligence agencies absolutely secret from everybody has spurred a sense of intrigue; people inevitably imagine that the agencies have been more powerful than they really were. But successive generations of novelists have played an equally large role, writing about the real or imagined exploits of British secret agents.

Are not Kipling's *Kim* and Buchan's *Greenmantle* more than rippling yarns—literary reflections of the "Great Game" of power and rivalry that Britain and Russia played against each other in the Near East and Indian borderlands? Where does fact end and fiction begin in Compton Mackenzie's withering novel *Water on the Brain*? Even James Bond, the super-hero of modern times, clearly derives from Ian Fleming's own observations on British wartime intelligence. Given this fictional tradition, it is no surprise that a wide array of tantalizing (and allegedly authentic) books about moles, spies, spy catchers, double agents, and the like continues to appear. Whatever else the British Secret Service may have achieved, it has certainly been good for the publishing industry.

But in what other ways, apart from these fictional and "fact-ional" best-sellers, can one learn about British intelligence, when Whitehall insists that none of its records, be they ever so old, should be opened to the public? As Christopher Andrew points out in the preface to his book, there is something absurd in "the proposition that the release of documents on British intelligence operations in Germany during the Agadir crisis of 1911 or in Russia before the Bolshevik Revolution of 1917 might threaten national security in the 1980s. . . ." It is true that the Cabinet Office agreed some years ago to the publication by Professor F. H. Hinsley's team of the multivolume history *British Intelligence in the Second World War*, and that the decrypted "intercepts" of Ultra in the 1939-45 conflict and of its predecessor "Room 40" in the 1914-18 conflict can now at last be used by historians. But all official files concerning the Secret Service itself, and especially intelligence-gathering in peacetime, will apparently remain closed indefinitely. One can only presume that this distinction reflects a Victorian sensibility that spying is fine in wartime but not quite proper in times of peace. It would be nice if we could believe that the KGB feels that way.

One consequence of this bureaucratic obstructionism has been to turn Christopher Andrew into a historical detective of extraordinary ingenuity. Even if the official files of the Secret Service are closed, many of the participants left private papers and diaries scattered across the United Kingdom in family hands, which could be gently prised open. Considerable numbers of nice old gentlemen who were "something in Whitehall during the war" have allowed Andrew into their parlors and reminisced over tea. The American "cousins," altogether more relaxed about intelligence records, offer additional information in the National Archives in Washington.

Finally, and deliciously, there are the various files of intelligence activities in the archives of the British departments of state that the Whitehall "weeders" failed to eliminate before sending them to the Public Record Office. For example, although the Secret Service was outside public and parliamentary scrutiny, it still had to submit its annual estimates (and thus give some details of its size and activities) to a parsimonious Treasury—whose records are extant. And many a passing reference in a private letter from a foreign secretary to the prime minister gives further clues. For ten years or more, Andrew has been picking up such incidental details in order to reconstruct his story.

His task has become larger and more complex because *Her Majesty's Secret Service* encompasses not merely the SIS itself, but also the other, often rival agencies of intelligence-gathering: the naval and military (and, later, air force) intelligence departments; the Special Branch of Scotland Yard, in some ways akin to the FBI, with its task of monitoring domestic subversives; the Government Code and Cypher School (the "codebreakers," who become increasingly important); and the agencies overseas, often SIS but (after 1940) occasionally run by the Special Operations Executive. Considerable parts of this story, therefore, must be devoted to explaining and expounding the rivalries between the various departments. Smiley, rather than Bond, is the model here.

THE RESULT, bearing in mind the restrictions on access to the records, is a tour de force of historical scholarship. It is, quite incidentally, one of the funniest scholarly books I have ever read, partly because of Andrew's deadpan, sardonic sense of humor, and partly because the British Secret Service was staffed, especially in its early years, by eccentrics and larger-than-life characters who perpetrated all sorts of nefarious deeds.

More important, seen from a transatlantic viewpoint, is Andrew's analysis of the way in which this particular intelligence community evolved during the 20th century, and of the successes and failures it encountered. Since his early chapters are set in a period during which

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Buchanesque adventurers penetrated the Hindu Kush (or the Wilhelmshaven naval base) and sinister foreign agents were found ostensibly catching butterflies in the vicinity of British military bases, Andrew predictably focuses on the slapdash, occasionally hilarious, amateurism of all concerned. But even by the onset of the First World War, the age of the heroic secret agent was beginning to be affected by the coming of wireless interception and message-decryption; technology and code-breaking were impinging upon the espionage game.

THEY WERE NOT, however, making the agent redundant. Indeed, one of the more fascinating questions raised by this book is whether the traditional role of agents (supplemented by couriers, carrier pigeons, and so on) was more important than the newer art of wireless decryption in affecting the outcome of the two world wars. In the conflict at sea between 1914 and 1918, the Naval Intelligence Division's "Room 40" decryptions seem to have been much more informative than any human agency. In the land war, however, agents (usually Frenchmen and Belgians in the German-controlled zones) sent masses of useful information, often via the fabled carrier-pigeon service.

But the British intelligence services were not solely concerned with the enemy abroad. Fears about radical movements and Fenian bombers had already led to the creation of the Special Branch of Scotland Yard in the late 19th century. Edwardian alarmism at the wild rumors of battalions of German waiters and other sorts of subversive forces lurking incognito throughout the country not only increased the police's own activities, but also led to the establishment of a special counterespionage office (the future MI5) to handle domestic threats to military security. While this agency was remarkably successful in dealing with the few, bumbling German spies who actually were in Britain before and after the outbreak of the Great War, the coming of the Bolshevik Revolution seemed to a worried British establishment to pose a threat of much larger proportions.

Among the finest and most revealing parts of this book are those dealing with the surveillance of the labor movement, of Communist penetration, and of Moscow's attempts to inflame Indian unrest after 1918-19. From this, two clear conclusions emerge. First of all, the British were able, helped by former members of the czarist intelligence agencies, to decrypt many of the hostile secret messages that the early Soviet government was sending to its overseas agents and representatives—and Whitehall was therefore usually in a position to react accordingly. Second, the British establishment vastly exaggerated the extent of any domestic revolutionary movement, and kept putting pressure upon a frustrated Scotland Yard and MI5 to detect and catch these largely mythical subversives among the British population.

All this forms the background to the 1924 "Zinoview Letter," that real or alleged incitement sent from Moscow to its British collaborators, the publication of which helped to cause the fall of MacDonald's first Labor government. Arguing that the authorship of the letter is not in fact so significant, Andrew points out that British code-breakers had been decrypting many similar messages over the preceding few years—messages that certainly were genuine incitements to revolution. Andrew makes the case that some anti-Labor members of the intelligence services "leaked" this particular message to the Tory opposition and press in a deliberate attempt to discredit their own government.

CURIOUSLY ENOUGH, the episode did not stop Moscow from sending further instructions, nor cause it to change its codes. That only happened in May 1927, when Conservative ministers became so enraged that they committed the appalling blunder of quoting verbatim from Soviet decryptions to help justify their decision to break off diplomatic relations with Moscow. Whatever momentary satisfaction the government gained from that action, it was never again able to read Russian communications until the Second World War. Ironically, just as Britain lost its ability to penetrate Moscow's mind, Russian moles were beginning their subtle, long-term conversion of undergraduates like Philby, Blunt, and Maclean. For this entire period, it seems, MI5's obsession about subversion was concentrated upon the wrong class.

By the late 1930s, then, the British secret services were probably less effective than at any time before or since. Russian codes had become unbreakable. Germany's communications, now encoded on the Enigma cipher machine, were even more baffling. Some Italian traffic could be read, but that hardly compensated for

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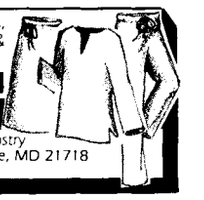

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the fact (unknown to Whitehall) that both Italians and Germans had gained access to British diplomatic messages. All that the British had to rely upon, when trying to anticipate Hitler's moves in 1938 and 1939, were the personal messages and urgings sent by anti-Nazi figures within the German government, but many of those communications were unclear or contradictory, pointed to the wrong target or the wrong time, and included items of disinformation planted by Canaris's *Abwehr*. To be sure, British "appeasement" policy in those years was confused enough in any case, but it now seems a little more understandable when one realizes that Chamberlain, in almost daily touch with the head of SIS and with the Foreign Office, was receiving a flow of secret information, some from false and some from genuine sources, some correctly forecasting Hitler's next move and some pointing wildly in the wrong direction.

BY CONTRAST, the British record on intelligence after 1940 was astonishingly good. Alas, it is at this point that Andrew's dense narrative fades swiftly away, presumably because there has been so much recent coverage of the successes of the Bletchley Park codebreakers, of the "double-cross" system, and so on, whereas his own focus has been upon the making of the British intelligence community. Still, Andrew provides a succinct survey of why such remarkable advances were made: because the code-breakers now understood the workings of the Enigma machine (thanks to Polish mathematicians and French intelligence), and a brilliant team of eccentrics and university dons could continue to break the German codes for most of the rest of the war; because that vital source could be supplemented by information from European resistance groups, photo-reconnaissance, and German traitors; and most important, because Churchill was a war leader who took intelligence seriously. Every evening he read the Bletchley Park decryptions, seeking to fit that information into British grand strategy. Not for nothing did Winston refer to his cryptanalysts as the geese that laid the golden eggs.

While signals intelligence (or sigint) and satellite-reconnaissance have become infinitely more important to western intelligence since 1945, secret agents have not been entirely eclipsed. Each side has endeavored to penetrate the other's security establishment, and to keep its own intact. Despite the uproar caused by the Klaus Fuchs case, or by the activities of Philby and Blunt, it is by no means clear that the advantage has been all one way: the information obtained from Oleg Penkovsky, and more recently from Gordievsky, suggests that the "game of the foxes" is still being played by individuals with cool heads and steel nerves.

And as Andrew's book makes clear, the newer technologies still leave nations grappling with the old problems of intelligence. How does one interpret the mass of evidence and select the good from the bad? How does one discover the other side's intentions, and not just his hardware? How does one protect one's own secrets? How does one prevent overlap (and rivalry) between one's various agencies? The largest issue, not surprisingly, remains the most elusive of all: how best to use this information in shaping the foreign and defense policy of a democratic state.

PAUL KENNEDY

Paul Kennedy is Dilworth Professor of History at Yale.

THE FAKER'S FIASCO

Small Business
by Tom Parker

(W. W. Norton, 237 pp., $14.95)

Management types go crazy trying to understand small companies: one is likely to find the receptionist setting financial strategy while the director of marketing buys filters for the Mr. Coffee. I've worked out a rule of thumb: if the men's room toilet overflows, the person who cleans it up has much of the real power.

At Blair/Fassler Inc., the focus of Tom Parker's *Small Business*, Martin Fassler is the man with the plunger. At 36, Fassler is not, as they say in the ad business, "on the creative side." That slot is filled by his mercurial older partner Ed Blair, "the man who in the early sixties put light shows on the map," and by Blair's retinue of photographers, video artists, and writers, who put together the slide shows and films that Blair/Fassler sells to large companies to use at sales meetings and conventions. Fassler's job is to run the numbers, pay the bills, and make sure everybody knows about the constant deadlines.

Fassler doesn't mind. In fact, he's quietly proud; "I'm the poppa of this little small-business family," he says modestly. But when Ed Blair hits a mid-life crisis a few weeks before the Consolidated Wines National Sales meeting ("one of our largest projects of the year") and decamps with the entire creative staff for Italy to put together a mysterious "presentation," Fassler finds himself in a bind.

Consolidated's Ed Hickey is worried. At last year's meeting, the chair Fassler rented tended to make a very embarrassing noise when the chairman of the board shifted in his seat. The chairman, Phil Thompson, is already angry at life because annual sales are stalled at $400 million ("precisely six hundred million short of one *billion*, six hundred million enchiladas short, in other words, of *big* business," he tells Fassler gloomily). If Blair/Fassler screws up again, Thompson promises to destroy its reputation and possibly decapitate Fassler as well. And Blair/Fassler seems to be headed for the biggest screw-up in the history of creative San Francisco.

Anyone who's run a small business knows the options in this situation: either skip town, or stop returning your phone calls, stall, subcontract out work, and lie like a trouper. Fassler gamely sets out to fake his way through the crisis:

> "Dave," I say, charming, assured, twenty more years to live, "everything's under control. Don't worry." We shake hands; his grip is firm, I gauge mine back a degree from his, the perfect liar's exit.

In fact, fakery is Martin Fassler's management style. He used it with "the woman who married me once" (and who

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now writes him letters about "the new diet that can actually change her blood type"). He uses it with "the woman who won't marry me," a pneumatic small-business executive named Joyce; he uses it with Popsie, his former small-businessman father who has retired to "Stalag Frank Sinatra" in Palm Springs with the French wife he left Fassler's mother for. And he uses it in his house (federal law allows deductions for mortgages but not furniture, so "while I live in a six-bedroom, shingled, Maybeck house in the poshest area of San Francisco, I have only a bed, a bureau, a coffee table and a couch for furnishings").

WE'VE ALL known Martin Fassler. Indeed, many of us are still looking for him to ask about that check he said was in the mail. With the eclipse of academe, Martin Fassler's life-style—half-hipster, half-CPA—has increasingly come to represent one alternative refuge for writers, artists, and intellectuals. But few good novels have come out of that life, and the first half of this book excited me. As Fassler lies, fakes, and stalls through the weeks before the Consolidated sales meeting, Parker's flat, breathless present-tense narrative takes on an engaging tinge of paranoia, as if the book were a kind of cross between Peter Drucker and Malcolm Lowry. The gap between what Fassler thinks he's doing and what he does gets wider and wider. My favorite scene comes when Fassler, in a hurry to get nowhere in particular, finds his sports car ("with the Bilstein shocks, the fat Firelli p-7s, the full Alpina turbo engine conversion") stuck behind a traffic accident in Chinatown. Fassler thinks he's being debonair as he dresses down the cop. Everyone else, including the reader, can tell he's losing control. Without knowing it, he has nearly made the full journey from respectable businessman to dangerous lunatic; he is genuinely surprised when he nearly winds up in jail.

Parker is masterful at evoking the fraudulent fast-lane atmosphere of small-time commercial "creativity." "Ours is a business on the cutting edge," Fassler tells us. The Blair/Fassler offices, for example, are decorated with "supergraphics . . . enormous words that wrap around rooms, beginning just to the right of any given doorway and continuing on all four walls, using windows as part of the motif and ending just to the left of the doorway, where they began." The offices each have names: Planter, Talent, Odds, Cruise, Data Bank. (I assume the next addition will be Megatrend.) And Parker has captured the key psychological fact about most small businesses: you never know if you're winning or losing, and success is often the most fearful disaster.

> I stop and wonder, as totals surpass projections, surpass dreams, if it's possible to make a fortune at the same time you're going broke, and conclude that businesses probably go broke precisely at that point; running wild, out of control, done in by the illusion of success, an illusion that in reality demands huge outlays, capital expenditures, loans, leveraging—and then one fine day . . .

But having put the balls in motion, Parker is less adroit at bringing them down again. Fassler sets out to fake the Consolidated slide show. He seems to be headed for triumph or disaster, or perhaps both: some combination of bankruptcy and epiphany. At the climactic moment, though, the story veers away, almost as if the author has lost his nerve.

Fassler and Joyce leave the slide show to its fate and fly to Florence in search of Ed Blair. They never quite find him, and they lose each other. But Joyce disappears without ever having come into focus. Fassler can't see her for who she is; fair enough. But neither can the reader. She remains a buxom bundle of pop-psych clichés, and since we can't understand why she ever took up with Fassler, it's hard to feel much pain when she leaves him.

BACK IN San Francisco, Fassler learns that the slide show was a triumph. I would have liked to have been there; the gestation of this ridiculous presentation (its climactic image, composed by Fassler himself, is a triptych of a bottle of wine with a turnip, a migrant worker writhing in pain from a rattlesnake bite, and the dashboard of Fassler's car) is the best running gag in the book.

But success comes too late: Blair/Fassler goes belly up. And with little surprise, we learn that the mysterious Italy "presentation" put together by Blair and the faithless staff is a slide show of Fassler's life. "It's been installed in the back room of an Italian bar in North Beach and plays to capacity crowds night after night." Fassler strolls over and watches it; the book ends with a recap of its previous scenes, a little too much like a television drama credit sequence for my taste. At the end, "the screen goes to black," leaving Fassler where he started, in the dark. And the reader, alas, is there with him.

GARRETT EPPS

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CORRESPONDENCE, *from page 2*

conduct of the Soviet government is heavily and perhaps even decisively determined by Western policies toward it. These policies, in turn, are critically influenced by "Cold War Sovietology" and the "misperceptions" that it is said to breed. Thus, "Cold War Scholarship" leads directly to "Cold War politics." If *Rethinking* were really nothing else but "a scholarly book about Soviet internal developments," as Mr. Cohen would have us believe, why would it conclude with a plea for détente?

I did not claim that Mr. Cohen said he was contemptuous of Russia, but that contempt is implicit in his thesis that Russian actions at home and abroad are hostage to Western initiatives. Nor did I attribute to him the statement that the Bolshevik Revolution was "a good thing." This, too, follows from his analysis, which, harsh as it is on Stalin and his successors, has not one critical word to say about Lenin.

Mr. Cohen denies ignoring criticisms of Soviet policies by the Italian Communists and refers to pages 87-89 of *Rethinking*, where the subject is said to "figure prominently." These pages contain only an irrelevant discussion of Bukharin's son's efforts to involve the CPI in his father's rehabilitation.

Mr. Cohen accuses me of ignoring his negative comments on Bukharin. I explicitly did not. Even so he insists on Bukharinism's being a "more liberal" and "humane" variant of Russian communism and hopes that it will be adopted by the Soviet Union. What does it say of Mr. Cohen's respect for Russia if he believes that the ideas of the man who, by his own admission, "bore some responsibility for the Stalinist regime" are nevertheless the best that they can hope for? This is what I meant when I wrote that at bottom he holds Russia in contempt.

RICHARD PIPES
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PALM BEACH DIARIST

Equine Diseases

I AM IN PALM BEACH AGAIN, not for the sun but for a board meeting of a charity that can't get a quorum of its trustees anywhere else in February. I stay at the Breakers, a truly enormous hotel, opulent yet wholly without character, its opulence bolstered by a coat-and-tie code so excruciatingly apt for 80 degrees in the shade. The hotel dates from the early 1920s, somewhat later than most of its guests. Like the city itself, the Breakers used to be genteelly characterized as "restricted." No longer, of course. But the whole Palm scene, so-called, remains something of a throwback. People continue to entertain largely along ethnic (or ethno-religious) lines. Intermarriage continues to grow, but folks I know here would sooner see their daughter marry a man "outside the faith" than play golf with his father.

THERE IS NOTHING TO DO in Palm Beach, especially at night. To sop up the time, there is a frantic schedule of charity affairs, also planned along ethnic or religious lines. The gentile ones, whose committees are usually studded with titled aristocracy from countries long ago gone Communist, seem to be primarily for animals causes or, if for a human cause, to fund research on a particular illness. A resident source tells me that what the sociologists would call the "ideal type" Palm Beach fund-raiser is for something called the Equine Disease Foundation. Jewish charities usually involve Israel, and no Israeli park or community center is too small for a fund-raiser in Palm Beach. What function (in the sense meant by Durkheim) do these Palm Beach functions perform in people's lives? Perhaps it's a salve to conscience. But at the Gates of Judgment, will this weigh heavily enough against the froth? I understand that good causes profit from this activity. But why do people choose to put in all this time and energy (and money that is siphoned off to hotels and caterers and florists) when they could just write a check and spend all their days in the sun?

I READ IN MY LAST TNR a haughty dismissal of the notion, credited to Jeane Kirkpatrick, that the Soviets covet Angola's strategic minerals. The disproof appears to be that these minerals are now being marketed to the West. But would they be if they were suddenly in short supply or needed by the Russians? The dollars going to Angola prop up a regime that otherwise would be foundering even more than it is. The article is certain that the Soviets are getting "very little" from "their massive military and financial investment" there. But the Soviets don't seem to think so. My impression is that Moscow is not profligate with its scarce assets, and if it keeps on pumping cash into Angola there are good and sufficient tactical and strategic reasons. That's why I also think that there isn't much prospect of the Cubans departing, regardless of what the South Africans do in Namibia. The Cubans are there to be ready for a military intervention in South Africa itself when the time comes—which, Conor Cruise O'Brien tells us in the current *Atlantic*, may not be very far off.

MAYBE MRS. AQUINO will be able to bring down the Marcos government through civil disobedience. If she could, the moral stature of the nonviolent Philippine opposition would soar even beyond where she has already taken it. But I wouldn't bet much on this happening. What's more likely is a cycle of disorder and repression, which will only impede the coming of decent rule when at last the dictator and his Mrs. decide on a reunion with their secret bank accounts and real estate holdings. What could, of course, hasten the arrival of democracy is American intervention—a diplomatic message to the Manila military, letting them know the future doesn't lie with Marcos, and also perhaps some dramatic U.S. troop movements to our bases there. What we'd be saying through these actions is that legitimacy no longer rests with the government but with those who, having been cheated at the ballot box, have taken to the streets. My guess is that President Reagan might actually be ready for just such an intervention. But what about those—alas, mostly liberals and Democrats—for whom American intervention anywhere has become absolutely taboo? They have spoken for Mrs. Aquino. Are they ready to act and take risks for her people and our interests?

ISRAEL WAS THE ONE other country besides the U.S. that officially marked Martin Luther King Jr.'s birthday. Among many observances, a forest was planted in his honor and a street was named for him in Jerusalem. King was a fervent friend of Zionism when many of his comrades had already embraced the Arabs. I have sometimes wondered what would have happened if the Palestinian movement, instead of relying on terror, had taken the path of nonviolence that King took in America. The result might have dismayed people like me. But the question is absurd, because nonviolence is so foreign to the political culture of the Arabs generally and of the Palestinians particularly. It is a failure of the collective imagination for which no one is to blame.

THE MIDDLE EAST is now, however, strewn with Arab failures: the failures at nation-building, the failures at constitutionalism, the failures at modernization. The oil debauch is over, and its profits have been squandered. What did not happen in the last 15 years will not happen in the next 50. In many ways the clock has been turned back. No one, least of all other Arabs, cares a fig about the people of South Yemen, whose capital was bathed in blood last month, a starkly tragic instance of all these failures. In the 1960s something calling itself a National Liberation Front, no less, wore the British down and watched the Union Jack hauled down at Aden. The Yemeni masses were said to have won their struggle for self-determination. A People's Democratic Republic was duly established. The regime turned out to be a satrapy of Moscow, which was doubtless pleased to confirm what was obvious to all but sentimental anti-imperialists, that this was not a nation at all, but a country of warring tribes. Still, the rulers called themselves Marxists, which is also what the people who killed them (and thousands of others who just happened to be on the dusty streets) call themselves. The causes of the coup are not readily grasped by Westerners. What do we know of the fratricide bred by antique tribal hatreds?

M.P.

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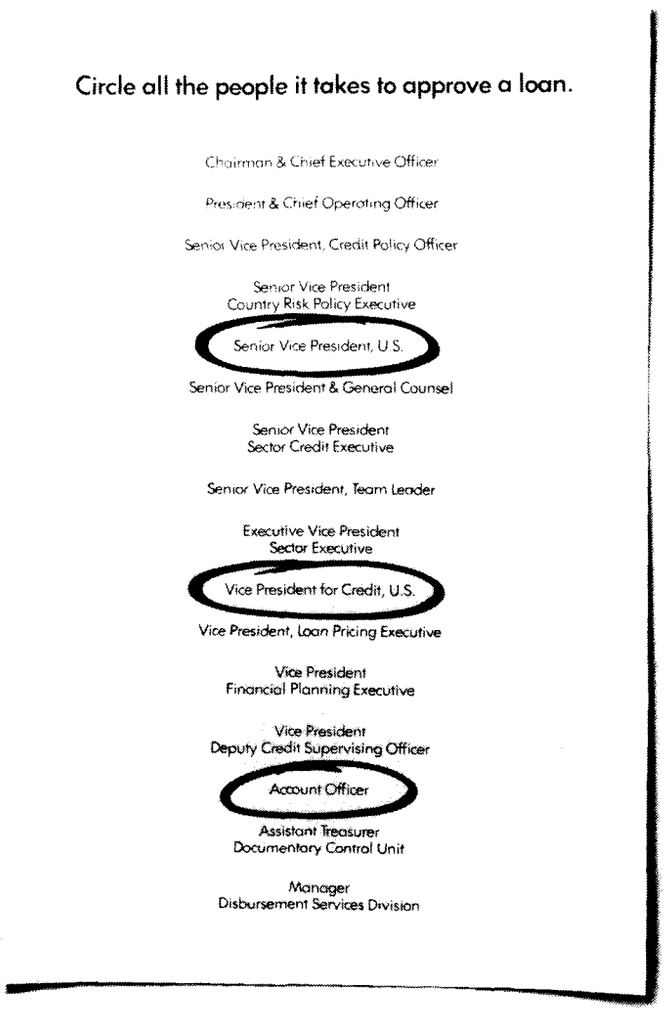

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